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ELEGANT EXTRACTS

FROM THE

MOST EMINENT

PROSE WRITERS;

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PUBLISHED

BY KIRK & MERCEIN

NEW YORK.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

A

COPIOUS SELECTION

OF

INSTRUCTIVE, MORAL, AND ENTERTAINING

PASSAGES,

FROM THE MOST

EMINENT POETS.

VOLUME I.

BOOK I. II.

DEVOTIONAL AND MORAL.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY KIRK & MERCEIN,
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1817.

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ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

FROM THE

MOST EMINENT POETS.

BOOK I.

DEVOTIONAL AND MORAL. PART I.

REFLECTIONS ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

RETIRE;—the world shut out;—thy thoughts call home;—
Imagination's airy wing repress;—
Lock up thy senses; let no passion stir;—
Wake all to Reason;—let her reign alone:—
Then in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire—
'What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know
But that I am; and since I am, conclude
Something eternal: had there e'er been nought,
Nought still had been: eternal there must be.—
But what eternal? Why not human race?
And Adam's ancestors without an end?—
That's hard to be conceiv'd, since every link
Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail.

Can every part depend, and not the whole?
Yet grant it true, new difficulties rise;
I'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore.
Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—Eternal
Grant matter was eternal, still these orbs [too?—
Would want some other father;—much design
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes.
Design implies intelligence and art;
That can't be from themselves—or man: that art
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
And nothing greater yet allow'd than man.
Who motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter innate motion? then each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form an universe of dust:
Has matter none? Then whence these glorious
forms
And boundless flights, from shapeless and repos'd?
Has matter more than motion? has it thought,
Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learn'd
In mathematics? has it fram'd such laws,
Which but to guess a Newton made immortal?—
If art to form, and counsel to conduct,
And that with greater far than human skill,
Resides not in each block,—a Godhead reigns.—
And, if a God there is, that God how great!'

Young.

CREATION OF THE EARTH, THE HEAVENS, AND MAN.

——————————The Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with Omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of Majesty Divine: sapience and love
Immense, and all his Father in him shone.
About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub, and Seraph, Potentates, and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God; where stand of old
Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv'd
Attendant on their Lord: Heaven open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory, in his powerful Word
And Spirit, coming to create new worlds.
On heavenly ground they stood; and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole.
'Silence, ye troubled Waves, and thou Deep, peace,'
Said then th' Omnific Word; 'your discord end!'
Nor staid; but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice: Him all his train

Follow'd in bright procession, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then staid the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure;
And said, 'Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O World!'
Thus God the Heaven created, thus the Earth,
Matter unform'd and void: darkness profound
Cover'd the abyss: but on the watery calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid mass; but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs,
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like; the rest to several place
Disparted, and between spun out the air;
And Earth self-balanc'd on her centre hung.

And God made two great lights, great for their use
To man, the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night, altern; and made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of Heaven,
T' illuminate the Earth, and rule the day
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide.
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all the horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through Heaven's high road; the gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd
Shedding sweet influence: less bright the Moon,

But opposite in levell'd west was set,
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him ; for other light she needed none
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
Till night ; then in the east her turn she shines
Revolv'd on Heaven's great axle, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemisphere.—
Now Heaven in all her glory shone, and roll'd
Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand
First wheel'd their course : Earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smil'd ; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd
Frequent ; and of the sixth day yet remain'd :
There wanted yet the master-work, the end
Of all yet done ; a creature, who, not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endued
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing ; and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship God Supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works : therefore th' Omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Present ?) thus to his Son audibly spake :
' Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the Earth,

And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.'
This said, he form'd thee, Adam; thee, O Man,
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
The breath of life; in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Express; and thou becam'st a living soul.

Milton.

ADDRESS OF OUR FIRST PARENTS TO THE CREATOR.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sit'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven.
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,

And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fly'st,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness, if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.

Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!

Milton.

PERFECTIONS OF THE DEITY.

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum. *Hor.*

From Earth's low prospects and deceitful aims,
From wealth's allurements, and ambition's dreams,
The lover's raptures, and the hero's views,
All the false joys mistaken man pursues;
The schemes of science, the delights of wine,
Or the more pleasing follies of the Nine!
Recal, fond bard, thy long enchanted sight,
Deluded with the visionary light!
A nobler theme demands thy sacred song,
A theme beyond or man's or angel's tongue!
But oh, alas! unhallow'd and profane,
How shalt thou dare to raise the heav'nly strain?
Do thou, who from the altar's living fire
Isaiah's tuneful lips didst once inspire,
Come to my aid, celestial Wisdom, come;
From my dark mind dispel the doubtful gloom:
My passions still, my purer breast inflame,
To sing that God from whom existence came;
Till Heav'n and Nature in the concert join,
And own the Author of their birth divine.

His Eternity.

WHENCE sprung this glorious frame? or whence
The various forms the universe compose? [arose
From what Almighty Cause, what mystic springs,
Shall we derive the origin of things?
Sing, heav'nly Guide! whose all-efficient light
Drew dawning planets from the womb of Night!
Since reason, by thy sacred dictates taught,
Adores a Power beyond the reach of thought.
First Cause of causes! Sire supreme of birth!
Sole light of Heav'n! acknowledged life of Earth;
Whose word from nothing called this beauteous whole,
Thus wide expanded all from pole to pole!
Who shall prescribe the boundary to thee,
Or fix the era of eternity?
Should we, deceiv'd by Error's sceptic glass,
Admit the thought absurd—that nothing was!
Thence would this wild, this false conclusion flow,
That nothing rais'd this beauteous all below.
When from disclosing darkness splendour breaks,
Associate atoms move, and matter speaks,
When non-existence bursts its close disguise,
How blind are mortals—not to own the skies!
If one vast void eternal held its place,
Whence started time? or whence expanded space?
What gave the slumb'ring mass to feel a change,
Or bid consenting worlds harmonious range?
Could nothing link the universal chain?
No, 'tis impossible, absurd, and vain.
Here reason its eternal Author finds,
The whole who regulates, unites, and binds,
Enlivens matter, and produces minds.

Inactive Chaos sleeps in dull repose,
Nor knowledge thence, nor free volition flows.
A nobler source those powers ethereal show,
By which we think, design, reflect, and know;
These from a cause superior date their rise,
'Abstract in essence from material ties.'
An origin immortal, as supreme,
From whose pure day, celestial rays! they came:
In whom all possible perfections shine,
Eternal, self-existent, and divine.

From this great spring of uncreated might,
This all-resplendent orb of vital light;
Whence all-created beings take their rise,
Which beautify the earth, or paint the skies;
Profusely wide the boundless blessings flow,
Which Heav'n enrich and gladden worlds below;
Which are no less when properly defin'd,
Than emanations of th' Eternal Mind:
Hence triumphs truth beyond objection clear,
(Let unbelief attend, and shrink with fear)
That what for ever was—must surely be
Beyond commencement, and from period free;
Drawn from himself his native excellence,
His date eternal, and his space immense;
And all of whom that man can comprehend,
Is, that he ne'er began, nor e'er shall end.

In him from whom existence boundless flows,
Let humble faith its sacred trust repose:
Assur'd on his eternity depend,
'Eternal Father! and eternal Friend!'
Within that mystic circle safety seek,
No time can lessen, and no force can break;
And, lost in adoration, breathe his praise,
High Rock of ages, ancient Sire of days.'

His Unity.

Thus recogniz'd, the spring of life and thought,
Eternal, self-derived, and unbegot;
Approach, celestial Muse, th' empyreal throne,
And awfully adore th' exalted One!
In nature pure, in place supremely free,
And happy in essential unity;
Bless'd in himself, had from his forming hand
No creature sprung to hail his wide command;
Bless'd, had the sacred fountain ne'er run o'er,
A boundless sea of bliss that knows no shore.
Nor sense can two prime origins conceive,
Nor reason two eternal Gods believe:
Could the wild Manichæan own that guide,
The good would triumph, and the ill subside;
Again would vanquish'd Aramanius bleed,
And darkness from prevailing light recede.
In diff'rent individuals we find
An evident disparity of mind:
Hence ductile thought a thousand changes gains,
And actions vary as the will ordains;
But should two beings, equally supreme,
Divided pow'r and parted empire claim;
How soon would universal order cease!
How soon would discord harmony displace!
Eternal schemes maintain eternal fight,
Nor yield, supported by eternal might;
Where each would uncontroll'd his aim pursue,
The links dissever, or the chain renew;
Matter from motion cross impressions take,
As serv'd each pow'r his rival's pow'r to break,

While neutral Chaos, from his deep recess,
Would view the never-ending strife increase,
And bless the contest that secur'd his peace;
While new creations would opposing rise,
And elemental war deform the skies;
Around wild uproar and confusion hurl'd,
Eclipse the heav'ns, and waste the ruin'd world.
Two independent causes to admit,
Destroys religion, and debases wit;
The first by such an anarchy undone,
The last acknowledges its source but one,
As from the main the mountain rills are drawn,
That wind irriguous through the flow'ry lawn;
So, mindful of their spring, one course they keep,
Exploring, till they find their native deep.
Exalted Power, invisible, supreme,
Thou sov'reign, sole unutterable name!
As round thy throne thy flaming seraphs stand,
And touch the golden lyre with trembling hand;
Too weak thy pure effulgence to behold,
With their rich plumes their dazzled eyes infold;
Transported with the ardours of thy praise,
The holy! holy! holy! anthem raise!
To them responsive, let creation sing,
Thee, indivisible, eternal King!

His Spirituality.

O say, celestial Muse! whose purer birth
Disdains the low material ties of earth;
By what bright images shall be defin'd
The mystic nature of th' eternal Mind?
Or how shall thought the dazzling height explore,
Where all that reason can—is to adore?

That God's an immaterial essence pure,
Whom figure can't describe, nor parts immure;
Incapable of passions, impulse, fear,
In good pre-eminent, in truth severe;
Unmix'd his nature, and sublime his pow'rs
From all the gross alloy that tempers ours;
In whose clear eye the bright angelic train
Appear suffus'd with imperfection's stain,
Impervious to the man's or seraph's eye,
Beyond the ken of each exalted high.
Him would in vain material semblance feign,
Or figur'd shrines the boundless God contain;
Object of faith! he shuns the view of sense,
Lost in the blaze of sightless excellence;
Most perfect, most intelligent, most wise,
In whom the sanctity of pureness lies;
In whose adjusting mind the whole is wrought,
Whose form is spirit, and whose essence thought;
Are truths inscrib'd by wisdom's brightest ray,
In characters that gild the face of day.
Reason confess'd, (howe'er we may dispute)
Fix'd boundary! discovers man from brute;
But, dim to us, exerts his fainter ray,
Depress'd in matter, and allied to clay;
In forms superior kindles less confin'd,
Whose dress is ether, and whose substance mind;
Yet all from Him, supreme of causes flow,
To him their pow'rs and their existence owe:
From the bright cherub of the noblest birth,
To the poor reasoning glow-worm plac'd on earth;
From matter then to spirit still ascend,
Through spirit still refining, higher tend;
Pursue, on knowledge bent, the pathless road,
Pierce through infinitude in quest of God;

Still from thy search, the centre still shall fly,
Approaching still—thou never shalt come nigh.
So its bright orb th' aspiring flame would join,
But the vast distance mocks the fond design.
If he, Almighty! whose decree is fate,
Could, to display his pow'r, subvert his state;
Bid from his plastic hand, a greater rise,
Produce a master, and resign his skies;
Impart his incommunicable flame,
The mystic number of th' Eternal Name;
Then might revolting reason's feeble ray
Aspire to question God's all-perfect day.
Vain task! the clay in the directing hand,
The reason of its form might so demand,
As man presume to question his dispose
From whom the power he thus abuses flows.
Here point, fair Muse! the worship God requires,
The soul inflam'd with chaste and holy fires:
Where love celestial warms the happy breast,
And from sincerity the thought's express'd;
Where genuine piety, and truth refin'd,
Re-consecrate the temple of the mind;
With grateful flames the living altars glow,
And God descends to visit man below.

His Omnipresence.

THROUGH th' unmeasurable tracks of space,
Go, Muse divine! and present Godhead trace:
See where, by place uncircumscrib'd as time,
He reigns extended; and he shines sublime.
Shouldst thou above the Heav'n of Heav'ns ascend,
Couldst thou below the depth of depths descend,
Could thy fond flight beyond the starry sphere
The radiant Morning's lucid pinions bear,

There should his brighter presence shine confest,
There his almighty arm thy course arrest.
Could'st thou the thickest veil of Night assume,
Or think to hide thee in the central gloom;
Yet there, all patient to his piercing sight,
Darkness itself would kindle into light:
Not the black mansions of the silent grave,
Nor darker hell, from his perception save;
What pow'r, alas! thy footsteps can convey
Beyond the reach of omnipresent day?

In his wide grasp, and comprehensive eye,
Immediate worlds on worlds unnumber'd lie:
Systems enclos'd in his perception roll,
Whose all-informing mind directs the whole:
Lodg'd in his grasp, their certain ways they know;
Plac'd in that sight from whence can nothing go.
On Earth his footstool fix'd, in Heav'n his seat;
Enthron'd he dictates, and his word is fate.

Nor want his shining images below,
In streams that murmur, or in winds that blow;
His spirit broods along the boundless flood,
Smiles in the plain, and whispers in the wood:
Warms in the genial sun's enliv'ning ray,
Breathes in the air, and beautifies the day.

Should man his great immensity deny,
Man might as well usurp the vacant sky:
For were he limited in date, or view,
Thence were his attributes imperfect too:
His knowledge, power, his goodness all confin'd,
And lost th' idea of a ruling mind.
Feeble the trust, and comfortless the sense
Of a defective partial providence:
Boldly might then his arm injustice brave,
Or innocence in vain his mercy crave;

Dejected virtue lift its hopeless eye,
And heavy sorrow vent the heartless sigh:
An absent God no abler to defend,
Protect or punish, than an absent friend;
Distant alike our wants or griefs to know,
To ease the anguish, or prevent the blow,
If he, Supreme Director, were not near,
Vain were our hope, and empty were our fear;
Unpunish'd vice would o'er the world prevail,
And unrewarded virtue toil—to fail!
The moral world a second chaos lie,
And nature sicken to the thoughtful eye.

Even the weak embryo, ere to life it breaks,
From his high pow'r its slender texture takes;
While in his book the various parts enroll'd,
Increasing, own eternal Wisdom's mould.

Nor views he only the material whole,
But pierces thought, and penetrates the soul:
Ere from the lips the vocal accents part,
Or the faint purpose dawns within the heart,
His steady eye the mental birth perceives,
Ere yet to us the new idea lives;
Knows what we say, ere yet the words proceed,
And ere we form th' intention, marks the deed.

But Conscience, fair vicegerent-light within,
Asserts its author, and restores the scene;
Points out the beauty of the govern'd plan,
'And vindicates the ways of God to man.'

Then sacred Muse, by the vast prospect fir'd,
From Heav'n descended, as by Heav'n inspir'd,
His all enlight'ning omnipresence own,
When first thou feel'st thy dwindling presence known;

His wide omniscience, justly, grateful, sing,
Whence thy weak science prunes its callow wing;
And bless th' Eternal, All-informing Soul, [whole.
Whose sight pervades, whose knowledge fills the

His Immutability.

As the Eternal and Omniscient Mind,
By laws not limited, nor bounds confin'd,
Is always independent, always free,
Hence shines confess'd Immutability!
Change, whether the spontaneous child of will,
Or birth of force—is imperfection still.
But he, all-perfect, in himself contains
Power self-deriv'd, and from himself he reigns.
If, alter'd by constraint, we could suppose,
That God his fix'd stability should lose;
How startles reason at a thought so strange!
What pow'r can force Omnipotence to change?
If from his own divine productive thought,
Were the yet stranger alteration wrought;
Could excellence supreme new rays acquire?
Or strong perfection raise its glories higher?
Absurd!—his high meridian brightness glows,
Never decreases, never overflows;
Knows no addition, yields to no decay,
The blaze of incommunicable day.
Below, through different forms does matter range,
And life subsists from elemental change;
Liquids condensing shapes terrestrial wear,
Earth mounts in fire, and fire dissolves in air;
While we, inquiring phantoms of a day,
Inconstant as the shadows we survey,
With them along time's rapid current pass,
And haste to mingle with the parent mass:

But thou, Eternal Lord of life divine!
In youth immortal shalt for ever shine:
No change shall darken thy exalted name;
From everlasting ages still the same.
If God, like man, his purpose could renew,
His laws could vary, or his plans undo;
Desponding Faith would droop its cheerless wing,
Religion deaden to a lifeless thing.
Where could we, rational, repose our trust,
But in a Power immutable as just?
How judge of revelation's force divine,
If Truth unerring gave not the design?
Where, as in Nature's fair according plan,
All smiles benevolent and good to man.
Plac'd in this narrow clouded spot below,
We darkly see around and darkly know:
Religion lends the salutary beam
That guides our reason through the dubious gleam;
Till sounds the hour, when he who rules the skies
Shall bid the curtain of omniscience rise;
Shall dissipate the mists that veil our sight,
And show his creatures—all his ways are right!
Then, when astonish'd Nature feels its fate,
And fetter'd Time shall know his latest date;
When earth shall in the mighty blaze expire,
Heav'n melt with heat, and worlds dissolve in fire;
The universal system shrink away,
And ceasing orbs confess th' almighty sway:
Immortal he, amidst the wreck secure,
Shall sit exalted, permanently pure;
As in the sacred bush, shall shine the same,
And from the ruin raise a fairer frame.

His Omnipotence.

FAR hence, ye visionary charming maids,
Ye fancied nymphs, that haunt the Grecian shades!
Your birth who from conceiving fiction drew,
Yourselves producing phantoms as untrue:
But come, superior Muse! divinely bright,
Daughter of Heav'n, whose offspring still are light;
Oh condescend, celestial sacred guest!
To purge my sight, and animate my breast,
While I presume Omnipotence to trace,
And sing that Power who peopled boundless space.
Thou present wert, when forth th' Almighty rode,
While Chaos trembled at the voice of God;
Thou saw'st, when o'er th' immense his line he drew,
When Nothing from his word existence knew;
His word, that wak'd to life the vast profound,
While conscious light was kindled at the sound;
Creation fair surpris'd th' angelic eyes,
And sov'reign Wisdom saw that all was wise.
Him, sole Almighty, Nature's book displays,
Distinct the page, and legible the rays.
Let the wild sceptic his attention throw
To the broad horizon, or earth below;
He finds thy soft impression touch his breast,
He feels the God, and owns him unconfest.
Should the stray pilgrim, tir'd of sands and skies,
In Lybia's waste behold a palace rise,
Would he believe the charm from atoms wrought?
Go, atheist, hence, and mend thy juster thought!
What hand, Almighty Architect! but thine,
Could give the model of this vast design?
What hand but thine adjust th' amazing whole,
And bid consenting systems beauteous roll?

What hand but thine supply the solar light,
Ever bestowing, yet for ever bright?
What hand but thine the starry train array,
Or give the Moon to shed her borrow'd ray?
What hand but thine the azure convex spread?
What hand but thine compose the ocean's bed?
To the vast main the sandy barrier throw,
And with the feeble curb restrain the foe?
What hand but thine the wintry flood assuage,
Or stop the tempest in its wildest rage?
Thee infinite! what finite can explore?
Imagination sinks beneath thy pow'r;
Thee could the ablest of thy creatures know,
Lost were thy unity, for he were thou:
Yet present to all sense thy pow'r remains,
Reveal'd in nature, nature's Author reigns.
In vain would error from conviction fly,
Thou every where art present to the eye.
The sense how stupid, and the sight how blind,
That fails this universal truth to find!
Go! all the sightless realms of space survey;
Returning trace the planetary way;
The Sun that in his central glory shines,
While ev'ry planet round his orb inclines;
Then at our intermediate globe repose,
And view yon lunar satellite that glows;
Or cast along the azure vault thine eye,
When golden day enlightens all the sky;
Around, behold Earth's variegated scene,
The mingling prospects, and the flow'ry green;
The mountain's brow, the long extended wood,
Or the rude rock that threatens o'er the flood;
And say, are these the wild effects of chance?
Oh, strange effect of reas'ning ignorance!

Nor pow'r alone confess'd in grandeur lies,
The glittering planet or the painted skies:
Equal the elephant's or emmet's dress
The wisdom of Omnipotence confess;
Equal the cumbrous whale's enormous mass,
With the small insect in the crowded grass;
The mite that gambols in its acid sea,
In shape a porpoise, though a speck to thee:
Ev'n the blue down the purple plum surrounds,
A living world, thy failing sight confounds,
To him a peopled habitation shows,
Where millions taste the bounty God bestows.
Great Lord of life, whose all-controlling might
Through wide creation beams divinely bright;
Nor only does thy pow'r in forming shine,
But to annihilate, dread King! is thine.
Shouldst thou withdraw thy still-supporting hand,
How languid Nature would astonish'd stand!
Thy frown the ancient realm of night restore,
And raise a blank—where systems smil'd before!
See in corruption, all-surprising state,
How struggling life eludes the stroke of fate;
Shock'd at the scene, though sense averts its eye,
Nor stops the wondrous process to descry;
Yet juster thought the mystic change pursues,
And with delight Almighty Wisdom views.
The brute the vegetable world surveys,
Sees life subsisting ev'n from life's decays:
Mark there, self-taught, the pensive reptile come,
Spin his thin shroud, and living build his tomb;
With conscious care his former pleasures leave,
And dress him for the bus'ness of the grave;
Thence, pass'd the short-liv'd change, renew'd he springs,
Admires the skies, and tries his silken wings;

With airy flight the insect roves abroad,
And scorns the meaner earth he lately trod.
Thee, potent, let delivered Israel praise,
And to thy name their grateful homage raise.
Thee, potent God! let Egypt's land declare,
That felt thy justice awfully severe.
How did thy frown benight the shadow'd land!
Nature revers'd, how own thy high command!
When jarring elements their use forgot,
And the sun felt thy overcasting blot;
When earth produc'd the pestilential brood,
And the foul stream was crimson'd into blood.
How deep the horrors of that awful night!
How strong the terror, and how wild the fright!
When o'er the land thy sword vindictive pass'd,
And men and infants breath'd at once their last,
How did thy arm thy favour'd tribes convey!
Thy light conducting point the patent way!
Obedient ocean to their march divide
The wat'ry wall distinct on either side;
While through the deep the long procession led,
And saw the wonders of the oozy bed.
Nor long they march'd, till, black'ning in the rear,
The vengeful tyrant and his host appear;
Plunge down the steep, the waves thy nod obey,
And whelm the threat'ning storm beneath the sea.
Nor yet thy pow'r thy chosen train forsook,
When through Arabia's sands their way they took:
By day thy cloud was present to the sight,
Thy fiery pillar led their march by night;
Thy hand amidst the waste their table spread,
With feather'd viands, and with heav'nly bread;
When the dry wilderness no streams supplied,
Gush'd from the yielding rock the vital tide.

What limits can Omnipotence confine?
What obstacles oppose thy arm divine?
Since stones and waves their settled laws forego,
Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow!
On Sinai's top, the Muse with ardent wing
The triumphs of Omnipotence would sing;
When o'er its airy brow thy cloud display'd,
Involv'd the nations in its awful shade;
When shrunk the Earth from thy approaching face,
And the rock trembled to its rooted base:
Yet there thy majesty divine appear'd,
There shone thy glory, and thy voice was heard;
Ev'n in the blaze of that tremendous day,
Idolatry its impious rites could pay!
Oh, shame to thought!—thy sacred throne invade,
And brave the bolt that linger'd round its head!

His Wisdom.

O THOU, who, when th' Almighty form'd this all,
Upheld the scale and weigh'd each balanc'd ball;
And as his hand completed each design,
Number'd the work, and fix'd the seal divine!
O Wisdom infinite! creation's soul,
Whose rays diffuse new lustre o'er the whole,
What tongues shall make thy charms celestial known?
What hand, fair goddess! paint thee but thy own?
What though in nature's universal store
Appear the wonders of almighty pow'r;
Pow'r, unattended, terror would inspire,
Aw'd must we gaze, and comfortless admire.
But when fair Wisdom joins in the design,
The beauty of the whole result's divine.

Hence life acknowledges its glorious cause,
And matter owns its great Disposer's laws;
Hence in a thousand different models wrought,
Now fix'd to quiet, now allied to thought;
Hence flow the forms and properties of things,
Hence rises harmony, and order springs;
Else, had the mass a shapeless chaos lay,
Nor ever felt the dawn of Wisdom's day.
See how, associate, round their central Sun
Their faithful rings the circling planets run;
Still equi-distant, never yet too near,
Exactly tracting their appointed sphere.
Mark how the Moon our flying orb pursues,
While from the Sun her monthly light renews,
Breathes her wide influence on the world below,
And bids the tides alternate ebb and flow.
View how in course the constant seasons rise,
Deform the earth, or beautify the skies:
First, Spring advancing, with her flow'ry train;
Next, Summer's hand, that spreads the silvan scene;
Then, Autumn, with her yellow harvests crown'd,
And trembling Winter close the annual round.
The vegetable tribes observant trace,
From the tall cedar to the creeping grass:
The chain of animated beings scale,
From the small reptile to th' enormous whale;
From the strong eagle stooping through the skies,
To the low insect that escapes thy eyes;
And see, if see thou canst, in ev'ry frame,
Eternal Wisdom shine confess'd the same:
As proper organs to the least assign'd,
As proper means to propagate the kind,
As just the structure, and as wise the plan,
As in this lord of all—debating man!

Hence, reas'ning creature, thy distinction find,
Nor longer to the ways of Heav'n be blind.
Wisdom in outward beauty strikes the mind,
But outward beauty points a charm behind.
What gives the earth, the ambient air, or seas,
The plain, the river, or the wood to please?
Oh say, in whom does beauty's self reside,
The beautifier, or the beautified?
There dwells the Godhead in the bright disguise,
Beyond the ken of all created eyes;
His works our love and our attention steal;
His works (surprising thought) the Maker veil;
Too weak our sight to pierce the radiant cloud,
Where Wisdom shines, in all her charms avow'd.
O gracious God, omnipotent and wise,
Unerring Lord, and Ruler of the skies!
All-condescending, to my feeble heart
One beam of thy celestial light impart.
I seek not sordid wealth, or glitt'ring pow'r:
O grant me wisdom—and I ask no more!

His Providence.

As from some level country's shelter'd ground,
With towns replete, with green enclosures bound,
Where the eye, kept within the verdant maze,
But gets a transient vista as it strays;
The pilgrim to some rising summit tends,
Whence open all the scenes as he ascends:
So Providence the friendly height supplies,
Where all the charms of Deity surprise;
Here Goodness, Power, and Wisdom, all unite,
And dazzling glories whelm the ravish'd sight.
Almighty Cause! 'tis thy preserving care
That keeps thy works for ever fresh and fair;

The sun, from thy superior radiance bright,
Eternal sheds his delegated light;
Lends to his sister orb inferior day,
And paints the silver Moon's alternate ray:
Thy hand the waste of eating Time renews:
Thou shedd'st the tepid morning's balmy dews:
When raging winds the blacken'd deep deform,
Thy spirit rides commission'd in the storm;
Bids at thy will the slack'ning tempest cease,
While the calm ocean smooths its ruffled face.
When lightnings through the air tremendous fly,
Or the blue plague is loosen'd to destroy,
Thy hand directs, or turns aside the stroke;
Thy word the fiend's commission can revoke.
When subterraneous fires the surface heave,
And towns are buried in the yawning grave,
Thou suffer'st not the mischief to prevail;
Thy sov'reign touch the recent wound can heal.
To Zembla's rock thou send'st the cheerful gleam;
O'er Lybia's sands thou pour'st the cooling stream;
Thy watchful providence o'er all intends;
Thy works obey their great Creator's ends.
When man too long the paths of vice pursu'd,
Thy hand prepar'd the universal flood;
Gracious, to Noah gave the timely sign,
To save a remnant from the wrath divine.
One shining waste the globe terrestrial lay,
And the ark heav'd along the troubled sea;
Thou bad'st the deep his ancient bed explore,
The clouds their wat'ry deluge pour'd no more.
The skies were clear'd—the mountain tops were seen,
The dove pacific brought the olive green.
On Ararat the happy patriarch tost,
Found the recover'd world his hopes had lost;

There his fond eyes review'd the pleasing scene,
The earth all verdant, and the air serene:
Its precious freight the guardian ark display'd,
While Noah grateful adoration paid,
Beholding in the many-tinctur'd bow
The promise of a safer world below.
When wild ambition rear'd its impious head,
And rising Babel Heav'n with pride survey'd;
Thy word the mighty labour could confound,
And leave the mass to moulder with the ground.
From thee all human actions take their springs,
The rise of empires, and the fall of kings.
See the vast theatre of time display'd,
While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread:
With pomp the shining images succeed,
What leaders triumph! and what monarchs bleed!
Perform the parts thy providence assign'd,
Their pride, their passions, to thy ends inclin'd:
Awhile they glitter in the face of day,
Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away;
No traces left of all the busy scene,
But that remembrance says—'The things have been!'
'But,' questions Doubt, 'whence sickly nature feels
The ague-fits her face so oft reveals?
Whence earthquakes heave the Earth's astonish'd breast?
Whence tempests rage? or yellow plagues infest?
Whence draws rank Afric her empoison'd store?
Or liquid fires explosive Ætna pour?'
Go, sceptic mole! demand th' eternal Cause,
The secret of his all-preserving laws?
The depths of wisdom infinite explore,
And ask thy Maker—why he knows no more?

Thy error still in moral things as great,
As vain to cavil at the laws of fate.
To ask why prosperous vice so oft succeeds,
Why suffers innocence, or virtue bleeds?
Why monsters, nature must with blushes own,
By crimes grow powerful, and disgrace a throne?
Why saints and sages, mark'd in every age,
Perish the victims of tyrannic rage?
Why Socrates for truth and freedom fell,
Or Nero reign'd, the delegate of hell?
In vain by reason is the maze pursued,
Of ill triumphant, and afflicted good:
Fix'd to the hold, so might the sailor aim
To judge the pilot, and the steerage blame;
As we direct to God what should belong,
Or say that sovereign wisdom governs wrong.
Nor always vice does uncorrected go,
Nor virtue unrewarded pass below:
Oft sacred Justice lifts her awful head,
And dooms the tyrant and th' usurper dead;
Oft Providence, more friendly than severe,
Arrests the hero in his wild career,
Directs the fever, poniard, or the ball,
By which an Ammon, Charles, or Cæsar fall;
Or when the cursed Borgias brew the cup
For merit, bids the monsters drink it up.
On violence oft retorts the cruel spear,
Or fetters cunning in its crafty snare;
Relieves the innocent, exalts the just,
And lays the proud oppressor in the dust.
But fast as Time's swift pinions can convey,
Hastens the pomp of that tremendous day,
When to the view of all-created eyes
God's high tribunal shall majestic rise;

When the loud trumpet shall assemble round
The dead, reviving at the piercing sound;
Where men and angels shall to audit come,
And millions yet unborn receive their doom.
Then shall fair Providence, to all display'd,
Appear divinely bright without a shade;
In light triumphant, all her acts be shown,
And blushing Doubt eternal wisdom own!
Meanwhile, thou great Intelligence supreme,
Sov'reign director of this mighty frame,
Whose watchful hand, and all-observing ken,
Fashions the hearts, and views the ways of men,
Whether thy hand the plenteous table spread,
Or measure sparingly the daily bread;
Whether or wealth or honours gild the scene,
Or wants deform, and wasting anguish stain;
On thee let truth and virtue firm rely,
Bless'd in the care of thy approving eye:
Know that thy Providence, their constant friend,
Through life shall guard them, and in death attend;
With everlasting arms their cause embrace,
And crown the paths of piety with peace.

His Goodness.

Ye seraphs, who God's throne encircling still,
With holy zeal your golden censers fill;
Ye flaming ministers, to distant lands
Who bear, obsequious, his divine commands;
Ye cherubs, who compose the sacred choir,
Attuning to the voice th' angelic lyre;
Or ye, fair natives of the heavenly plain,
Who once were mortal,—now a happier train,

Who spend in peaceful love your joyful hours,
In blissful meads and amaranthine bow'rs:
Oh, lend one spark of your celestial fire,
Oh, deign my glowing bosom to inspire;
And aid the Muse's unexperienc'd wing,
While Goodness, theme divine, she soars to sing!
Though all thy attributes, divinely fair,
Thy full perfection, glorious God! declare;
Yet if one beams superior to the rest,
Oh, let thy Goodness fairest be confess'd:
As shines the Moon amidst her starry train,
As breathes the rose amongst the flow'ry scene,
As the mild dove her silver plumes displays;
So sheds thy mercy its distinguish'd rays.
This led, Creator mild! thy gracious hand,
When formless Chaos heard thy high command;
When, pleas'd, thy eye thy matchless works review'd,
And goodness placid spoke that all was good.
Nor only does in Heav'n thy goodness shine,
Delighted Nature feels its warmth divine;
The vital Sun's illuminating beam,
The silver crescent, and the starry gleam,
As day and night alternate they command,
Proclaim that truth to every distant land.
See smiling Nature, with thy treasures fair,
Confess thy bounty and parental care;
Renew'd by thee, the faithful seasons rise,
And earth with plenty all her sons supplies.
The generous lion, and the brindled boar,
As nightly through the forest walks they roar,
From thee, Almighty Maker, seek their prey,
Nor from thy hand unsated go away:

To thee for meat the callow ravens cry,
Supported by thy all-preserving eye:
From thee the feather'd natives of the plain,
Or those who range the field or plough the main,
Receive with constant course th' appointed food,
And taste the cup of universal good;
Thy hand thou open'st, million'd myriads live;
Thou frown'st, they faint; thou smil'st, and they revive!

On Virtue's acre, as on Rapine's stores,
See Heav'n impartial deal the fruitful show'rs:
'Life's common blessings all her children share,'
Tread the same earth, and breathe a general air;
Without distinction boundless blessings fall,
And goodness, like the Sun, enlightens all.
Oh man! degenerate man! offend no more:
Go, learn of brutes thy Maker to adore.
Shall these through every tribe his bounty own,
Of all his works ungrateful thou alone!
Deaf when the tuneful voice of mercy cries,
And blind when sov'reign Goodness charms the eyes!
Mark how the wretch his awful name blasphemes,
His pity spares—his clemency reclaims.
Observe his patience with the guilty strive,
And bid the criminal repent and live;
Recal the fugitive with gentle eye,
Beseech the obstinate he would not die.
Amazing tenderness—amazing most,
The soul on whom such mercy should be lost!

But wouldst thou view the rays of goodness join
In one strong point of radiance all divine,
Behold, celestial Muse! yon eastern light;
To Bethlehem's plain, adoring, bend thy sight;

Hear the glad message to the shepherds given,
'Good will on earth to man, and peace in Heaven!'
Attend the swains, pursue the starry road,
And hail to earth the Saviour and the God!
Redemption! oh thou beauteous mystic plan,
Thou salutary source of life to man!
What tongue can speak thy comprehensive grace?
What thought thy depths unfathomable trace?
When lost in sin our ruin'd nature lay,
When awful justice claim'd her righteous pay;
See the mild Saviour bend his pitying eye,
And stop the lightning just prepar'd to fly!
(O strange effect of unexampled love!)
View him descend the heavenly throne above:
Patient the ills of mortal life endure,
Calm, though revil'd; and innocent, though poor!
Uncertain his abode and coarse his food,
His life one fair continued scene of good;
For us sustain the wrath to man decreed,
The victim of eternal justice bleed!
Look! to the cross the Lord of life is tied,
They pierce his hands, and wound his sacred side;
See God expires! our forfeit to atone,
While Nature trembles at his parting groan!
Advance, thou hopeless mortal, steel'd in guilt,
Behold, and if thou canst, forbear to melt!
Shall Jesus die thy freedom to regain,
And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain?
Wilt thou refuse thy kind assent to give,
When dying he looks down to bid thee live?
Perverse, wilt thou reject the proffer'd good,
Bought with his life, and streaming in his blood,
Whose virtue can thy deepest crimes efface,
Re-heal thy nature, and confirm thy peace?

Can all the errors of thy life atone,
And raise thee from a rebel to a son?
O bless'd Redeemer! from thy sacred throne,
Where saints and angels sing thy triumphs won;
(Where from the grave thou rais'd thy glorious head,
Chain'd to thy car the pow'rs infernal led)
From that exalted height of bliss supreme,
Look down on those who bear thy sacred name;
Restore their ways, inspire them by thy grace,
Thy laws to follow and thy steps to trace;
Thy bright example to thy doctrine join,
And by their morals prove their faith divine.
Nor only to thy church confine thy ray,
O'er the glad world thy healing light display;
Fair Sun of Righteousness! in beauty rise,
And clear the mists that cloud the mental skies;
To Judah's remnant, now a scatter'd train,
Oh, great Messiah! show thy promis'd reign;
O'er Earth as wide thy saving warmth diffuse,
As spread the ambient air, or falling dews;
And haste the time when, vanquish'd by thy pow'r,
Death shall expire, and sin defile no more.

His Rectitude.

HENCE distant far, ye sons of Earth profane,
The loose, ambitious, covetous, or vain!
Ye worms of pow'r! ye minion'd slaves of state,
The wanton vulgar, and the sordid great!
But come, ye purer souls, from dross refin'd,
The blameless heart and uncorrupted mind!
Let your chaste hands the holy altars raise,
Fresh incense bring, and light the glowing blaze,
Your grateful voices aid the muse to sing
The spotless justice of the Almighty King!

As only Rectitude divine he knows,
As truth and sanctity his thoughts compose;
So these the dictates which th' Eternal Mind
To reasonable beings has assign'd;
These has his care on ev'ry mind impress'd,
The conscious seals the hand of Heav'n attest;
When man, perverse, for wrong forsakes the right,
He still attentive keeps the fault in sight;
Demands that strict atonement should be made,
And claims the forfeit on th' offender's head.
But Doubt demands—'Why man dispos'd this way?
Why left the dang'rous choice to go astray?
If Heav'n that made him did the fault foresee,
Thence follows, Heav'n is more to blame than he.'
No—had to good the heart alone inclin'd,
What toil, what prize had Virtue been assign'd?
From obstacles her noblest triumphs flow,
Her spirits languish when she finds no foe.
Man might perhaps have so been happy still,
Happy, without the privilege of will,
And just, because his hands were tied from ill.
O wondrous scheme, to mend th' almighty plan,
By sinking all the dignity of man!
Yet turn thy eyes, vain sceptic! own thy pride,
And view thy happiness and choice allied;
See Virtue from herself her bliss derive,
A bliss, beyond the pow'r of thrones to give;
See Vice, of empire and of wealth possess'd,
Pine at the heart, and feel herself unbless'd:
And, say, were yet no further marks assign'd,
Is man ungrateful? or is Heav'n unkind?
'Yes, all the woes from Heav'n permissive fall,
The wretch adopts—the wretch improves them all:

From his wild lust, or his oppressive deed,
Rapes, battles, murders, sacrilege proceed ;
His wild ambition thins the peopled earth,
Or from his av'rice famine takes her birth ;
Had Nature giv'n the hero wings to fly,
His pride would lead him to attempt the sky ;
To angels make the pigmy's folly known,
And draw ev'n pity from th' eternal throne.
Yet while on Earth triumphant vice prevails,
Celestial Justice balances her scales.
With eye unbiass'd all the scene surveys,
With hand impartial ev'ry crime she weighs ;
Oft close pursuing at his trembling heels,
The man of blood her awful presence feels ;
Oft from her arm, amidst the blaze of state,
The regal tyrant, with success elate,
Is forc'd to leap the precipice of fate.
Or if the villain pass unpunish'd here,
'Tis but to make the future stroke severe ;
For soon or late eternal Justice pays
Mankind the just desert of all their ways.
'Tis in that awful all-disclosing day,
When high Omniscience shall her books display,
When Justice shall present her strict account,
While Conscience shall attest the due amount ;
That all who feel, condemn the dreadful rod,
Shall own that righteous are the ways of God.
Oh then, while penitence can Fate disarm,
While ling'ring Justice yet withholds its arm ;
While heav'nly Patience grants the precious time,
Let the lost sinner think him of his crime ;
Immediate to the seat of mercy fly,
Nor wait to-morrow—lest to-night he die!

But tremble, all ye sins of blackest birth,
Ye giants, that deform the face of earth;
Tremble, ye sons of aggravated guilt,
And, ere too late, let sorrow learn to melt:
Remorseless Murder! drop thy hand severe,
And bathe thy bloody weapon with a tear:
Go, Lust impure! converse with friendly light,
Forsake the mansions of defiling night:
Quit, dark Hypocrisy! thy thin disguise,
Nor think to cheat the notice of the skies:
Unsocial Avarice! thy grasp forego,
And bid the useful treasure learn to flow:
Restore, Injustice! the defrauded gain:
Oppression, bend to ease the captive's chain,
Ere awful Justice strike the fatal blow,
And drive you to the realms of night below!

But Doubt resumes—'If Justice has decreed,
The punishment proportion'd to the deed;
Eternal misery seems too severe,
Too dread a weight for wretched man to bear:
Too harsh! that endless torments should repay
The crimes of life—the errors of a day!'

In vain our reason would presumptuous pry;
Heav'n's counsels are beyond conception high;
In vain would thought his measur'd justice scan;
His ways how different from the ways of man!
Too deep for thee his secrets are to know,
Inquire not, but more wisely shun the wo;
Warn'd by his threat'nings, to his laws attend,
And learn to make Omnipotence thy friend.
Our weaker laws, to gain the purpos'd ends,
Oft pass the bounds the lawgiver intends;
Oft partial pow'r, to serve its own design,
Warps from the text, exceeding reason's line,

Strikes biass'd at the person, not the deed,
And sees the guiltless unprotected bleed!
But God alone, with unimpassion'd sight,
Surveys the nice barrier of wrong and right;
And while subservient, as his will ordains,
Obedient Nature yields the present means;
While neither force nor passions guide his views,
Ev'n evil works the purpose he pursues!
That bitter spring, the source of human pain,
Heal'd by his touch, does mineral health contain;
And dark affliction, at his potent rod,
Withdraws its cloud, and brightens into good.
Thus human justice (far as man can go)
For private safety strikes the dubious blow;
But Rectitude divine, with nobler soul,
Consults each individual in the whole;
Directs the issues of each moral strife,
And sees creation struggle into life.
And you, ye happier souls! who in his ways
Observant walk, and sing his daily praise;
Ye righteous few! whose calm unruffled breasts
No fears can darken, and no guilt infests,
To whom his gracious promises extend,
In whom they centre, and in whom shall end,
Which (bless'd on that foundation sure who build)
Shall with eternal justice be fulfill'd:
Ye sons of life, to whose glad hope is giv'n
The bright reversion of approaching Heav'n;
With grateful hearts his glorious praise recite,
Whose love from darkness call'd you into light;
So let your piety reflective shine,
As men may thence confess his truth divine.
And when this mortal veil, as soon it must,
Shall drop, returning to its native dust;

The work of life with approbation done,
Receive from God your bright immortal crown.

His Glory.

But oh, advent'rous Muse, restrain thy flight,
Dare not the blaze of Uncreated Light,
Before whose glorious throne with dread surprise
Th' adoring seraph veils his dazzled eyes;
Whose pure effulgence, radiant to excess,
No colours can describe, or words express.
All the fair beauties, all the lucid stores,
Which o'er thy works thy hand resplendent pours,
Feeble, thy brighter glories to display,
Pale as the Moon before the solar ray.
See on his throne the gaudy Persian plac'd,
In all the pomp of the luxuriant East!
While mingling gems a borrow'd day unfold,
And the rich purple waves emboss'd with gold;
Yet mark this scene of painted grandeur yield
To the fair lily that adorns the field:
Obscur'd, behold that fainter lily lies,
By the rich bird's inimitable dyes;
Yet these survey confounded and outdone
By the superior lustre of the Sun;
That Sun himself withdraws his lessen'd beam
From thee, the glorious Author of his frame.
Transcendent Power! sole arbiter of fate!
How great thy glory! and thy bliss how great!
To view from thy exalted throne above,
(Eternal source of light, and life, and love)
Unnumber'd creatures draw their smiling birth;
To bless the Heav'ns, or beautify the Earth;
While systems roll, obedient to thy view,
And worlds rejoice—which Newton never knew.

Then raise the song, the gen'ral anthem raise,
And swell the concert of eternal praise.
Assist, ye orbs, that form this boundless whole,
Which in the womb of space unnumber'd roll;
Ye planets, who compose our lesser scheme,
And bend, concertive, round the solar frame;
Thou eye of Nature, whose extensive ray
With endless charms adorns the face of day;
Consenting raise th' harmonious joyful sound,
And bear his praises through the vast profound.
His praise, ye winds that fan the cheerful air,
Swift as they pass along your pinions bear.
His praise let ocean through her realms display,
Far as her circling billows can convey.
His praise, ye misty vapours, wide diffuse,
In rains descending, or in milder dews.
His praises whisper, ye majestic trees,
As your tops rustle to the gentle breeze.
His praise around, ye flow'ry tribes, exhale,
Far as your sweets embalm the spicy gale.
His praise, ye dimpled streams, to earth reveal,
As pleas'd ye murmur through the flow'ry vale.
His praise, ye feather'd choirs, distinguish'd sing,
As to your notes the vocal forests ring.
His praise proclaim, ye monsters of the deep,
Who in the vast abyss your revels keep.
Or ye, fair natives of our earthly scene,
Who range the wilds, or haunt the pasture green.
Nor thou, vain lord of Earth, with careless ear
The universal hymn of worship hear:
But ardent in the sacred chorus join,
Thy soul transported with the task divine;
While by his works th' Almighty is confess'd,
Supremely glorious, and supremely bless'd!

Great Lord of life! from whom this humble frame
Derives the pow'r to sing thy holy name,
Forgive the lowly Muse, whose artless lay
Has dar'd thy sacred attributes survey!
Delighted oft through Nature's beauteous field
Has she ador'd thy wisdom bright reveal'd;
Oft have her wishes aim'd the secret song,
But awful rev'rence still withheld her tongue.
Yet as thy bounty lent the reas'ning beam,
As feels my conscious breast thy vital flame,
So, bless'd Creator, let thy servant pay
His mite of gratitude this feeble way;
Thy goodness own, thy providence adore,
And yield thee only—what was thine before.

Boyse.

ORDER AND SUBORDINATION THROUGH ALL THE WORKS OF GOD.

Far as creation's ample range extends
The scale of sensual, mental, powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam!
Of smell, the headlong lioness between
And hound sagacious on the tainted green!
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee what sense so subtly true,
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew!

How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compar'd, half reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier!
For ever separate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how allied!
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
And middle natures how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation could they be
Subjected these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these powers in one?
See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick and bursting into birth!
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep, extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began;
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee;
From thee to nothing—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
And if each system in gradation roll,
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;

Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature tremble to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom! for thee?
Vile worm!—O madness! pride! impiety!
What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame;
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of All ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and GOD the soul:
That chang'd through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the Earth as in th' ethereal frame,
Warms in the Sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all!
Cease then, nor order imperfection name;
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit—In this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.

All nature is but art unknown to thee ;
All chance direction, which thou can'st not see ;
All discord, harmony not understood ;
All partial evil, universal good:
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *whatever is is right.*

Pope.

THE PHILOSOPHY THAT STOPS AT SECONDARY CAUSES REPROVED.

HAPPY the man, who sees a God employed
In all the good and ill that checker life!
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
The least of our concerns (since from the least
The greatest oft originate); could chance
Find place in his dominion, or dispose
One lawless particle to thwart his plan ;
Then God might be surpris'd, and unforeseen
Contingence might alarm him, and disturb
The smooth and equal course of his affairs.
This truth Philosophy, though eagle ey'd
In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks ;
And, having found his instrument, forgets,
Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
Denies the pow'r that wields it. God proclaims
His hot displeasure against foolish men,
That live an atheist life : involves the Heav'ns
In tempests; quits his grasp upon the winds,
And gives them all their fury ; bids a plague
Kindle a fiery boil upon the skin,

And putrefy the breath of blooming Health.
He calls for Famine, and the meagre fiend
Blows mildew from between his shrivell'd lips,
And taints the golden ear. He springs his mines,
And desolates a nation at a blast.
Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
Of homogeneal and discordant springs
And principles; of causes how they work
By necessary laws their sure effects;
Of action and reaction: he has found
The source of the disease that nature feels,
And bids the world take heart and banish fear.
Thou fool! will thy discov'ry of the cause
Suspend the effect, or heal it? Has not God
Still wrought by means since first he made the world?
And did he not of old employ his means,
To drown it? What is his creation less
Than a capacious reservoir of means
Form'd for his use, and ready at his will?
Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve; ask of him,
Or ask of whomsoever he has taught,
And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all.

Cowper.

THE PRESENT STATE OF MAN VINDICATED.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason would he skip and play?

Pleas'd to the last he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
O blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is but always to be bless'd.
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-top'd hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be content 's his natural desire;
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such;
Say here he gives too little, there too much;

Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there;
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge his justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes:
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

Pope.

WISDOM PROCLAIMING A PROVIDENCE TO MAN.

Lo! now the ways of Heaven's eternal King
To man are open!
Review them and adore! Hear the loud voice
Of Wisdom sounding in her works!—'Attend,
Ye sons of men! ye children of the dust,
Be wise! Lo! I was present, when the Sire
Of Heav'n pronounc'd his fiat; when his eye
Glanc'd through the gulf of darkness, and his hand
Fashion'd the rising universe:—I saw,
O'er the fair lawns, the heaving mountains raise
Their pine-clad spires; and down the shaggy cliff
I gave the rill to murmur. The rough mounds
That bound the madd'ning deep; the storm that roars
Along the desert; the volcano fraught
With burning brimstone;—I prescribe their ends.
I rule the rushing winds, and, on their wings

Triumphant, walk the tempest.—To my call
Obsequious bellows the red bolt, that tears
The cloud's thin mantle, when the gushing show'r
Descending copious bids the desert bloom.
'I gave to man's dark search superior light;
And clear'd dim Reason's misty view, to mark
His pow'rs, as through revolving ages tried,
They rose not to his Maker. Thus prepar'd
To know how distant from his narrow ken
The truths by Heav'n reveal'd, my hand display'd
The plan fair-opening, where each nobler view,
That swells th' expanding heart; each glorious hope,
That points ambition to its goal; each aim,
That stirs, exalts, and animates desire;
Pours on the mind's rapt sight a noon-tide ray.
'Nor less in life employ'd, 'tis mine to raise
The desolate of heart; to bend the brow
Of stubborn pride, to bid reluctant ire
Subside; to tame rude nature to the rein
Of virtue. What though, screen'd from mortal view,
I walk the deep'ning gloom? What though my ways,
Remote from thought's bewilder'd search, are wrapt
In triple darkness?—Yet I work the springs
Of life, and to the general good direct
Th' obsequious means to move.—O ye, who, toss'd
On life's tumultuous ocean, eye the shore,
Yet far remov'd; and with the happy hour,
When slumber on her downy couch shall lull
Your cares to sweet repose; yet bear awhile,
And I will guide you to the balmy climes
Of rest; will lay you by the silver stream
Crown'd with elysian bow'rs, where peace extends

Her blooming olive, and the tempest pours
Its killing blasts no more.' Thus Wisdom speaks
To man; thus calls him through the external form
Of nature, through Religion's fuller noon,
Through life's bewild'ring mazes; to observe
A PROVIDENCE IN ALL. *Ogilvie.*

THE PROSPERITY OF VICE NO JUST OBJECTION TO THE WISDOM OF PROVIDENCE.

AH! why, thy thought demands, when Virtue feels
Thy yoke, severe Adversity! why reigns
Triumphant Vice, nor dreads th' avenging doom
Of Heav'n; but, wanton in the spoils of pow'r,
Sports in gay frolic down the tide of time,
Nor dreams of future wo?—Is he then bless'd
Alone, who riots in the feast; who sails
Loose in the robe of luxury, and bears
His front to Heav'n, as if his mind defied [thought
Its frown?—Ah blind to reason! whose weak
Sees not, the just severity that saves
The good, reclaims not error. To persist
Firm in the path of right, when all within
Is calm; or wand'ring from its side, to start,
Alarm'd in time by some awak'ning voice,
And turn, is easy:—but the man whose step
Far through the devious waste has wander'd wild,
Regains not, seeks not to regain the path
Long lost; his course by perseverance form'd,
His doubts by habit reconcil'd. What once
He wish'd, now self-deceived, his willing mind
Receives as substance, and the phantom mocks
With empty smiles his void embrace no more.

Repines then mutt'ring thy presumptuous tongue,
That Heav'n's suspended wrath allows the wretch
An hour to triumph? that the God who counts
His number'd years a moment, at thy call
Points not his thunder to the guilty head,
Nor bids his lightnings flash? Know, if the good
Through life should suffer, in that scanty span
Are all his woes compris'd: if Vice exults,
That span contains its happiness. Should he
Who pitying snatches from Temptation's snare
The just, as him whom yon devouring wave
Has mantled; should his justice thus have claim'd
The wretch, yet reeking from his brother's blood,
An instant victim: as the one enjoys
The prize of virtue, and no deep'ning stain
Sullied his life; the other in the gulf
Of black perdition must have wak'd; no time
For mercy left; for penitence, for pray'r,
For pardon none: his crimes yet unaton'd
From Heav'n demanding vengeance. But the hand
Of Goodness spares him, that repentant tears
May ease the feeling heart, and Justice drop
Her claim; or, still relentless, that the stroke
May fall, when his full cup o'erflows with ill.

Ogilvie.

SOLILOQUY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,

Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being, [pass!
Through what new scenes and changes must we
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when? or where?—This world was made for
Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.
Thus am I doubly arm'd. My death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point;
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

Addison.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL IMPLIED FROM ITS MOTION.

THE soul which, in this earthly mould,
The spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views.

At first her mother-earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world and worldly things:
She flies close by the world and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings.

Yet under heav'n she cannot light on aught
That with her heavenly nature doth agree;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense contentment find?
Who ever ceas'd to wish, when he had health?
Or having wisdom, was not vex'd in mind?

With this desire, she hath a native might
To find out every truth, if she had time;
Th' innumerable effects to sort aright,
And by degree from cause to cause to climb.

But since our life so fast away doth slide,
As doth a hungry eagle through the wind,
Or as a ship transported with the tide,
Which in their passage leave no print behind;

Of which swift little time so much we spend,
While some few things we through the sense do strain,
That our short race of life is at an end,
Ere we the principle of skill attain.

Sir J. Davies.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL INFERRED FROM ITS DISSIMILARITY TO THE BODY.

That mind and body often sympathize
Is plain; such is this union Nature ties:
But then as often too they disagree;
Which proves the soul's superior progeny.
Sometimes the body in full strength we find,
Whilst various ills debilitate the mind;
At others, whilst the mind its force retains,
The body sinks with sickness and with pains:
Now did one common fate their beings end,
Alike they'd sicken, and alike they'd mend.
But sure experience, on the slightest view,
Shows us that the reverse of this is true;
For when the body oft expiring lies,
Its limbs quite senseless, and half clos'd its eyes,
The mind new force and eloquence acquires,
And with prophetic voice the dying lips inspires.
Of like materials were they both compos'd,
How comes it, that the mind, when sleep has clos'd
Each avenue of sense, expatiates wide,
Her liberty restor'd, her bonds unty'd?
And, like some bird who from its prison flies,
Claps her exulting wings, and mounts the skies.
If to conceive how any thing can be
From shape abstracted and locality
Is hard; what think you of the Deity?
His being not the least relation bears,
As far as to the human mind appears,
To shape, or size, similitude, or place,
Cloth'd in no form, and bounded by no space.
Such then is God, a Spirit pure, refin'd
From all material dross, and such the human mind:

For in what part of essence can we see
More certain marks of immortality ?
Ev'n from this dark confinement, with delight,
She looks abroad, and prunes herself for flight ;
Like an unwilling inmate longs to roam
From this dull earth, and seek her native home.

Soame Jenyns.

LIFE NOT WORTH ENJOYING, WITHOUT THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY.

The mind contemplative finds nothing here
On earth, that's worthy of a wish or fear :
He, whose sublime pursuit is God and truth,
Burns, like some absent and impatient youth,
To join the object of his warm desires,
Thence to sequester'd shades and streams retires,
And there delights his passion to rehearse
In wisdom's sacred voice, or in harmonious verse.
To me most happy therefore he appears,
Who having once, unmov'd by hopes or fears,
Survey'd this sun, earth, ocean, clouds, and flame,
Well satisfied returns from whence he came.
Is life a hundred years, or e'er so few,
'Tis repetition all, and nothing new ;
A fair, where thousands meet, but none can stay ;
An inn, where travellers bait, then post away ;
A sea, where man perpetually is tost,
Now plung'd in business, now in trifles lost ;
Who leaves it first, the peaceful port first gain.
Hold then ! no further launch into the main ;
Contract your sails ; life nothing can bestow
By long continuance, but continued wo ;

The wretched privilege daily to deplore
The fun'rals of our friends, who go before;
Diseases, pains, anxieties, and cares,
And age surrounded by a thousand snares.
Could I a firm persuasion once attain
That after death no being would remain;
To those dark shades I'd willingly descend,
Where all must sleep, this drama at an end:
Nor life accept, although renew'd by fate
Ev'n from its earliest, and its happiest state.
Might I from Fortune's bounteous hand receive
Each boon, each blessing in her power to give,
Genius and science, morals and good sense,
Unenvied honours, wit, and eloquence,
A numerous offspring to the world well known,
Both for paternal virtues and their own;
Ev'n at this mighty price I'd not be bound
To tread the same dull circle round and round;
The soul requires enjoyments more sublime,
By space unbounded, undestroy'd by time.

Soame Jenyns.

TO MY SOUL.*

Be patient yet, my Soul, thou hast not long
To groan beneath accumulated wrong:
Soon, very soon, I trust, the galling yoke
That clogs thee now, for ever shall be broke.
It comes, thy freedom comes; from grief arise;
Prepare, exulting, for thy native skies:
Soon, very soon, this world's unholy dreams,
Its poor possessors, and their trifling schemes

* Written in sickness.

Shall worthless seem to thee, as leaves embrown'd
That blasts autumnal scatter o'er the ground.
O then, from all of earthly taint made free,
What scenes unthought thy blessed eyes may see!
Perhaps commission'd thou shalt bend thy flight,
Where worlds and suns roll far from mortal sight,
And, hail'd by beings pure, who know no care,
Thy gracious master's high behests declare:
Or raptur'd bend, amid the seraph band,
That round the throne of light attending stand,
To golden harps their dulcet voices raise,
And ceaseless hymn the great Creator's praise.
O while such hopes await, can aught on Earth,
My conscious soul, to one sad sigh give birth?
Be far each anxious thought, no more repine,
Soon shall the crown of amaranth be thine.

Davenport.

CUPIO DISSOLVI.

THE soul, which doth with God unite,
Those gaieties how doth she slight
  Which o'er opinion sway!
Like sacred virgin wax, which shines
On altars, or on martyrs' shrines,
  How doth she burn away!

How violent are her throes, till she
From envious earth deliver'd be,
  Which doth her flight restrain!
How doth she doat on whips and racks,
On fires, and the so dreaded axe,
  And ev'ry murd'ring pain!

How soon she leaves the pride of wealth,
The flatteries of youth and health,
And fame's more precious breath;
And ev'ry gaudy circumstance,
That doth the pomp of life advance,
At the approach of death?

The cunning of astrologers
Observes each motion of the stars,
Placing all knowledge there:
And lovers in their mistress' eyes
Contract those wonders of the skies,
And seek no higher sphere.

The wand'ring pilot sweats to find
The causes that produce the wind
Still gazing on the pole:
The politician scorns all art,
But what doth pride and pow'r impart,
And swells th' ambitious soul.

But he whom heav'nly fire doth warm,
And 'gainst these potent follies arm,
Doth soberly disdain
All these fond human mysteries,
As the deceitful and unwise
Distempers of our brain.

He, as a burden, bears his clay,
Yet vainly throws it not away
On ev'ry idle cause:
But with the same untroubled eye
Can or resolve to live or die,
Regardless of th' applause.

My God! if 'tis thy great decree
That this must the last moment be
  Wherein I breathe this air;
My heart obeys, joy'd to retreat
From the false favours of the great,
  And treach'ry of the fair.

When thou shalt please this soul t' enthrone
Above impure corruption;
  What should I grieve or fear,
To think this breathless body must
Become a loathsome heap of dust,
  And ne'er again appear?

For in the fire when ore is tried,
And by that torment purified,
  Do we deplore the loss?
And when thou shalt my soul refine,
That it thereby may purer shine,
  Shall I grieve for the dross? *Habington.*

REASONINGS WITH AN INFIDEL ON A FUTURE STATE.

Since virtue's recompense is doubtful here,
If man dies wholly, well may we demand
Why is man suffer'd to be good in vain?
Why to be good in vain is man enjoin'd?
Why to be good in vain is man betray'd?
Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breast,
By sweet complacencies from virtue felt?
Why whispers Nature lies on Virtue's part?
Or if blind Instinct (which assumes the name

Of sacred Conscience) plays the fool in man,
Why Reason made accomplice in the cheat?
Why are the wisest loudest in her praise?
Can man by reason's beam be led astray?
Or, at his peril, imitate his God?
Since virtue sometimes ruins us on earth,
Or both are true, or man survives the grave.
Or man survives the grave; or own, Lorenzo,
Thy boast supreme, a wild absurdity.
Dauntless thy spirit, cowards are thy scorn:
Grant man immortal, and thy scorn is just.
The man immortal, rationally brave,
Dares rush on death—because he cannot die:
But if man loses all when life is lost,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
A daring infidel (and such there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure heroical defect of thought)
Of all Earth's madmen most deserves a chain.
When to the grave we follow the renown'd
For valour, virtue, science, all we love,
And all we praise; for worth whose noon-tide beam,
Enabling us to think in higher style,
Mends our ideas of ethereal powers,
Dream we that lustre of the moral world
Goes out in stench, and rottenness the close?
Why was he wise to know, and warm to praise,
And strenuous to transcribe, in human life,
The Mind Almighty? Could it be that Fate,
Just when the lineaments began to shine,
And dawn the Deity, should snatch the draught,
With night eternal blot it out, and give
The skies alarm, lest angels too might die?
If human souls, why not angelic, too,

Extinguish'd, and a solitary God,
O'er ghastly ruin, frowning from his throne?
Shall we this moment gaze on God in man,
The next lose man for ever in the dust?
From dust we disengage, or man mistakes,
And there where least his judgment fears a flaw.
Wisdom and worth how boldly he commends!
Wisdom and worth are sacred names; rever'd
Where not embrac'd; applauded! deified!
Why not compassion'd too? If spirits die,
Both are calamities, inflicted both
To make us but more wretched. Wisdom's eye
Acute, for what? to spy more miseries;
And worth, so recompens'd, new-points their stings.
Or man surmounts the grave, or gain is loss,
And worth exalted humbles us the more.
Thou wilt not patronise a scheme that makes
Weakness and vice the refuge of mankind.
'Has virtue, then, no joys?'—Yes, joys dear-bought.
Talk ne'er so long, in this imperfect state
Virtue and vice are at eternal war.
Virtue's a combat; and who fights for nought,
Or for precarious, or for small reward?
Who virtue's self-reward so loud resound,
Would take degrees angelic here below,
And virtue, while they compliment, betray
By feeble motives and unfaithful guards.
The crown, th' unfading crown, her soul inspires;
'Tis that and that alone, can countervail
The body's treacheries and the world's assaults.
On Earth's poor pay our famish'd virtue dies;
Truth incontestable! in spite of all
A Bayle has preach'd, or a Voltaire believ'd:

In man the more we dive, the more we see
Heaven's signet stamping an immortal make.
Dive to the bottom of his soul, the base
Sustaining all, what find we ? knowledge, love.
As light and heat, essential to the Sun,
These to the soul : and why, if souls expire ?
How little lovely here ? how little known ?
Small knowledge we dig up with endless toil,
And love unfeign'd may purchase perfect hate.
Why, starv'd, on Earth, our angel-appetites,
While brutal are indulg'd their fulsome fill ?
Were then capacities divine conferr'd,
As a mock diadem, in savage sport,
Rank insult of our pompous poverty,
Which reaps but pain from seeming claims so fair ?
In future age lies no redress ? and shuts
Eternity the door on our complaint ?
If so, for what strange ends were mortals made !
The worst to wallow, and the best to weep ;
The man who merits most, must most complain :
Can we conceive a disregard in Heav'n
What the worst perpetrate, or best endure ?
This cannot be. To love and know, in man
Is boundless appetite and boundless pow'r,
And these demonstrate boundless objects too.
Objects, pow'rs, appetites, Heav'n suits in all,
Nor, Nature through, e'er violates this sweet
Eternal concord on her tuneful string.
Is man the sole exception from her laws ?
Eternity struck off from human hope,
(I speak with truth, but veneration too)
Man is a monster, the reproach of Heav'n,
A stain, a dark impenetrable cloud
On Nature's beauteous aspect, and deforms

(Amazing blot!) deforms her with her lord.
If such is man's allotment, what is Heav'n?
Or own the soul immortal, or blaspheme.
Or own the soul immortal, or invert
All order. Go, mock-majesty! go, man!
And bow to thy superiors of the stall,
Through every scene of sense superior far:
They graze the turf untill'd, they drink the stream
Unbrew'd, and ever full, and unembitter'd
With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, despairs,
Mankind's peculiar! Reason's precious dower!
No foreign clime they ransack for their robes,
Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar;
Their good is good entire, unmix'd, unmarr'd;
They find a paradise in every field,
On boughs forbidden where no curses hang:
Their ill no more than strikes the sense, unstretch'd
By previous dread, or murmur in the rear:
When the worst comes, it comes unfear'd; one stroke
Begins and ends their wo; they die but once;
Bless'd, incommunicable privilege! for which
Proud man, who rules the globe and reads the stars,
Philosopher or hero, sighs in vain.
Account for this prerogative in brutes.
No day, no glimpse of day, to solve the knot,
But what beams on it from eternity.
O sole and sweet solution! that unites
The difficult; and softens the severe;
The cloud on Nature's beautcous face dispels;
Restores bright order; casts the brute beneath,
And reinthrones us in supremacy
Of joy, ev'n here. Admit immortal life,
And virtue is knight-errantry no more;

Each virtue brings in hand a golden dower,
Far richer in reversion: hope exults,
And though much bitter in our cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the taste of Heav'n.
O wherefore is the Deity so kind?
Astonishing beyond astonishment?
Heav'n our reward—for heav'n enjoy'd below.
Couldst thou persuade me the next life could fail
Our ardent wishes, how should I pour out
My bleeding heart in anguish, new as deep!
Oh! with what thoughts thy hope, and my despair,
Abhor'd Annihilation! blasts the soul,
And wide extends the bounds of human wo!
Could I believe Lorenzo's system true,
In this black channel would my ravings run:
'Grief from the future borrow'd peace, ere while.
The future vanish'd! and the present pain'd!
Strange import of unpreecedented ill!
Fall how profound! like Lucifer's the fall!
Unequal fate! his fall, without his guilt!
From where fond Hope built her pavilion high,
The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
To night! to nothing! darker still than night.
If 'twas a dream, why wake me my worst foe,
Lorenzo! boastful of the name of friend!
O for delusion! O for error still!
Could vengeance strike much stronger than to plant
A thinking being in a world like this,
Not over-rich before, now beggar'd quite,
More curs'd than at the fall!—The Sun goes out!
The thorns shoot up! what thorns in every thought!
Why sense of better? it imbitters worse.
Why sense? why life? if but to sigh, then sink
To what I was! twice nothing! and much wo!

Wo from Heaven's bounties! wo from what was
To flatter most, high intellectual powers. [wont
Thought, virtue, knowledge! blessings by thy scheme,
All poison'd into pains. First, knowledge, once
My soul's ambition, now her greatest dread.
To know myself true wisdom?—No: to shun
That shocking science, parent of Despair!
Avert thy mirror; if I see I die.
'Know my Creator? climb his bless'd abode
By painful speculation, pierce the veil,
Dive in his nature, read his attributes,
And gaze in admiration—on a foe,
Obtruding life, withholding happiness!
From the full rivers that surround his throne,
Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;
Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease
To curse his birth, nor envy reptiles more!
Ye sable clouds! ye darkest shades of night!
Hide him, for ever hide him, from my thought,
Once all my comfort, source and soul of joy! [me.
Now leagued with furies, and with thee,* against
'Know his achievements? study his renown?
Contemplate this amazing universe,
Dropt from his hand, with miracles replete!
For what? mid miracles of nobler name
To find one miracle of misery?
To find the being which alone can know
And praise his works a blemish on his praise!
Through Nature's ample range, in thought to stroll,
And start at man, the single mourner there,

* Lorenzo.

Breathing high hope! chain'd down to pangs and death?

'Knowing is suffering: and shall Virtue share
The sigh of Knowledge?—Virtue shares the sigh.
By straining up the steep of excellent,
By battles fought, and from temptation won,
What gains she but the pang of seeing worth,
Angelic worth, soon shuffled in the dark
With every vice, and swept to brutal dust?
Merit is madness, virtue is a crime,
A crime to reason, if it costs us pain
Unpaid: what pain, amidst a thousand more,
To think the most abandon'd, after days
Of triumph o'er their betters, find in death
As soft a pillow, nor make fouler clay!

'Duty! religion!—these, our duty done,
Imply reward, Religion is mistake.
Duty!—there's none, but to repel the cheat.
Ye Cheats! away: ye daughters of my pride,
Who feign yourselves the favourites of the skies,
Yé towering hopes! abortive energies!
That toss and struggle in my lying breast,
To scale the skies and build presumptions there,
As I were heir of an eternity:
Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.
Why travel far in quest of sure defeat?
As bounded as my being be my wish.
All is inverted, wisdom is a fool.
Sense! take the rein; blind Passion! drive us on;
And, Ignorance! befriend us on his way;
Ye new, but truest patrons of our peace!
Yes, give the pulse full empire; live the brute,
Since as the brute we die; the sum of man,
Of godlike man! to revel and to rot.

'But not on equal terms with other brutes;
Their revels a more poignant relish yield,
And safer too; they never poisons choose,
Instinct than Reason makes more wholesome meals,
And sends all-marring Murmur far away.
For sensual life they best philosophize,
Theirs that serene the sages sought in vain:
'Tis man alone expostulates with Heav'n:
His all the pow'r, and all the cause to mourn.
Shall human eyes alone dissolve in tears?
And bleed in anguish none but human hearts?
The wide-stretch'd realm of intellectual wo,
Surpassing sensual far, is all our own,
In life so fatally distinguish'd, why
Cast in one lot, confounded, lump'd in death?
'Ere yet in being was mankind in guilt?
Why thunder'd this peculiar clause against us,
All-mortal, and all-wretched!—Have the skies
Reasons of state their subjects may not scan,
Nor humbly reason when they sorely sigh?
All-mortal and all-wretched!—'Tis too much,
Unparallel'd in Nature: 'tis too much,
On being unrequested at thy hands,
Omnipotent! for I see nought but power. [eat,
'And why see that? why thought! To toil and
Then make our bed in darkness, needs no thought.
What superfluities are reasoning souls!
Oh give eternity, or thought destroy.
But without thought our curse were half unfelt;
Its blunted edge would spare the throbbing heart,
And therefore 'tis bestow'd. I thank thee, Reason!
For aiding life's too small calamities,
And giving being to the dread of death.
Such are thy bounties!—Was it then too much

For me to trespass on the brutal rights?
Too much for Heav'n to make one emmet more?
Too much for Chaos to permit my mass
A longer stay with essences unwrought,
Unfashion'd, untormented into man?
Wretched preferment to this round of pains!
Wretched capacity of frenzy, thought!
Wretched capacity of dying life!
Life, thought, worth, wisdom, all (O foul revolt!)
Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe.
'Death then has chang'd its nature too. O Death!
Come to my bosom, thou best gift of Heav'n!
Best friend of man! since man is man no more.
Why in this thorny wilderness so long,
Since there's no promis'd land's ambrosial bower
To pay me with its honey for my stings?
If needful to the selfish schemes of Heav'n
To sting us sore, why mock'd our misery?
Why this so sumptuous insult o'er our heads?
Why this illustrious canopy display'd?
Why so magnificently lodg'd Despair?
At stated periods, sure-returning, roll
These glorious orbs, that mortals may compute
Their length of labours and of pains, nor lose
Their misery's full measure?—Smiles with flowers
And fruits promiscuous, ever-teeming earth,
That man may languish in luxurious scenes,
And in an Eden mourn his wither'd joys?
Claim earth and skies man's admiration, due
For such delights! bless'd animals! too wise
To wonder, and too happy to complain!
'Our doom decreed demands a mournful scene:
Why not a dungeon dark for the condemn'd?

Why not the dragon's subterranean den
For man to howl in? why not his abode
Of the same dismal colour with his fate?
A Thebes, a Babylon, at vast expense
Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders
As congruous, as for man this lofty dome,
Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high
If from her humble chamber in the dust [desire;
While proud thought swells and high desire in-
flames,
The poor worm calls us for her inmates there,
And round us Death's inexorable hand
Draws the dark curtain close, undrawn no more.
'Undrawn no more!—Behind the cloud of death,
Once, I beheld a sun, a sun which gilt
That sable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold.
How the grave's alter'd! fathomless as hell!
A real hell to those who dreamt of Heav'n.
Annihilation! how it yawns before me;
Next moment I may drop from thought, from sense,
The privilege of angels, and of worms,
An outcast from existence; and this spirit,
This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,
This particle of energy divine,
Which travels Nature, flies from star to star,
And visits gods, and emulates their powers,
For ever is extinguish'd. Horror! death!
Death of that death I fearless, once, survey'd—
When horror universal shall descend,
And heaven's dark concave urn all human race,
On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,
How just this verse; this monumental sigh!
"Beneath the lumber of demolish'd worlds,
Deep in the rubbish of the general wreck,
Swept ignominious to the common mass

Of matter, never dignified with life,
Here lie proud rationals; the sons of Heav'n!
The lords of Earth! the property of worms!
Beings of yesterday, and no to-morrow!
Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd!
All gone to rot in chaos, or to make
Their happy transit into blocks or brutes,
Nor longer sully their Creator's name."'

Lorenzo! hear, pause, ponder, and pronounce.
Just is this history? If such is man,
Mankind's historian, though divine, might weep.

Young.

REFLECTIONS ON A FUTURE STATE FROM A REVIEW OF WINTER.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd Year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life: pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of man,

His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn; the second birth
Of heaven, and earth! awakening Nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
And Wisdom oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
And died, neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In starving solitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil is no more:
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

Thomson.

A CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I stray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still nature's various face informs my sense
Of an all-wise, all-powerful Providence.
When the gay Sun first breaks the shades of night,
And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their livery wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
The blooming flowers with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show;
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
But when the gloomy reign of Night returns,
Stript of her fading pride, all Nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost:
No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in Night's robe the whole creation lies:
Yet still, ev'n now, while darkness clothes the land,
We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;
Millions of stars in Heaven's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hang the boundless sphere:
The silver Moon her western couch forsakes,
And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes;
Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.
Whether those stars that twinkling lustre send
Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,
Yet all his systems but conjectures are;
But this we know, that Heaven's eternal King,
Who bade this universe from nothing spring,

Can at his word bid numerous worlds appear,
And rising worlds th' all-powerful word shall hear.
When to the western main the Sun descends,
To other lands a rising day he lends:
The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise;
Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
While we in Sleep's embraces waste the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light;
And when these lands the busy Sun forsakes,
With us again the rosy Morning wakes:
In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
And neither clime laments his absent ray.
When the pure soul is from the body flown,
No more shall Night's alternate reign be known;
The Sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.
Oh! may some nobler thought my soul employ,
Than empty, transient, sublunary joy:
The stars shall drop, the Sun shall lose his flame,
But thou, O God! for ever shine the same.

Gay.

A THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

Ere the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light the Almighty word obey'd,
Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame
Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,
From angry Heaven when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
Thou still shalt be; still as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time shall be no more.

O endless thought! divine Eternity!
Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee;
For thou wert present when our life began,
When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.
Ah! what is life? with ills encompass'd round;
Amidst our hopes Fate strikes the sudden wound:
To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow death destroys his airy schemes.
Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd?
Think all that treasure thou must leave behind;
Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd hearse,
And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
Should certain Fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay;
Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
To suffer life beyond the date of man?
The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
To launch from earth into eternity:
For while the boundless theme extends our thought,
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

Gay.

DEATH.

Friend to the wretch, whom every friend forsakes,
I woo thee, Death! In fancy's fairy paths
Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill
The strain of empty joy.—Life and its joys
I leave to those that prize them.—At this hour,
This solemn hour, when silence rules the world,

And wearied nature makes a general pause!
Wrapt in night's sable robe, through cloisters drear,
And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng
Of meagre phantoms shooting cross my path
With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale
Of Death!—Deep in a murky cave's recess,
Lav'd by Oblivion's listless stream, and fenc'd
By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors
Of yew' and cypress' shade, from all intrusion
Of busy noontide beam, the monarch sits
In unsubstantial majesty enthron'd.
At his right hand, nearest himself in place,
And frightfulness of form, his parent, Sin,
With fatal industry and cruel care,
Busies herself in pointing all his stings,
And tipping every shaft with venom drawn
From her infernal store; around him rang'd
In terrible array, and strange diversity
Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread ministers.
Foremost Old Age, his natural ally
And firmest friend: next him, diseases thick,
A motley train; Fever with cheek of fire;
Consumption wan; Palsy, half warm with life,
And half a clay-clod lump; joint-torturing Gout,
And ever-gnawing Rheum; Convulsion wild;
Swoln Dropsy; panting Asthma; Apoplex
Full-gorg'd.—There too the Pestilence that walks
In darkness, and the Sickness that destroys
At broad noon-day. These, and a thousand more,
Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and, when
By Heaven's command, Death waves his ebon wand,
Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose,
And scatter desolation o'er the earth.
Ill-fated man, for whom such various forms

Of misery wait, and mark their future prey!
Ah! why, All-righteous Father, didst thou make
This creature, man? Why wake th' unconscious dust
To life and wretchedness? O better far
Still had he slept in uncreated night,
If this the lot of being!—Was it for this
Thy breath divine kindled within his breast
The vital flame? For this was thy fair image
Stamp'd on his soul in godlike lineaments?
For this dominion given him absolute
O'er all thy creatures, only that he might reign
Supreme in wo? From the bless'd source of good
Could Pain and Death proceed? Could such foul ill
Fall from fair Mercy's hands? Far be the thought,
The impious thought! God never made a creature
But what was good. He made a living man:
The man of death was made by man himself.
Forth from his Maker's hands he sprung to life,
Fresh with immortal bloom; no pain he knew,
No fear of death, no check to his desires,
Save one command. That one command, (which stood
'Twixt him and ruin, the test of his obedience,)
Urg'd on by wanton curiosity
He broke.—There in one moment was undone
The fairest of God's works. The same rash hand
That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit,
Unbarr'd the gates of Hell, and let loose Sin
And Death, and all the family of Pain,
To prey upon mankind. Young Nature saw
The monstrous crew, and shook through all her frame.
Then fled her new-born lustre, then began

Heaven's cheerful face to low'r: then vapours chok'd
The troubled air, and form'd a vale of clouds
To hide the willing Sun. The earth, convuls'd
With painful throes, threw forth a bristly crop
Of thorns and briars; and insect, bird, and beast,
That wont before with admiration fond
To gaze at man, and fearless crowd around him,
Now fled before his face, shunning in haste
Th' infection of his misery. He alone
Who justly might, th' offended Lord of man,
Turn'd not away his face; he, full of pity,
Forsook not in this uttermost distress
His best-lov'd work. That comfort still remain'd,
(That best, that greatest comfort in affliction)
The countenance of God, and through the gloom
Shot forth some kindly gleams, to cheer and warm
Th' offender's sinking soul. Hope, sent from Heaven,
Uprais'd his drooping head, and show'd afar
A happier scene of things; the promis'd seed
Trampling upon the serpent's humbled crest,
Death of his sting disarm'd, and the dank grave
Made pervious to the realms of endless day,
No more the limit, but the gate of life.
Cheer'd with the view, man went to till the earth
From whence he rose; sentenc'd indeed to toil,
As to a punishment; yet (ev'n in wrath
So merciful is Heaven!) this toil became
The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard
Against disease and death.--Death, though denounc'd,
Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm

Of Age, his sole support, led slowly on.
Not then, as since, the short-liv'd sons of men
Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes;
Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years
One solitary ghost went shivering down
To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way; Labour prepar'd
His simple fare, and Temperance rul'd his board.
Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve
He sunk to sudden rest; gentle and pure
As breath of evening zephyr, and as sweet
Were all his slumbers; with the Sun he rose,
Alert and vigilant as he, to run
His destin'd course. Thus nerv'd with giant strength,
He stem'd the tide of time, and stood the shock
Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.
At life's meridian point arriv'd, he stood,
And looking round saw all the valleys fill'd
With nations from his loins; full well content
To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the earth,
Along the gentle slope of life's decline
He bent his gradual way, till full of years
He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave.
Such in the infancy of time was man;
So calm was life, so impotent was death.
O, had he but preserv'd those few remains,
Those shatter'd fragments of lost happiness,
Snatch'd by the hand of Heaven from the sad wreck
Of innocence primeval, still had he liv'd
Great ev'n in ruin, though fallen, yet not forlorn;
Though mortal, yet not every where beset
With Death in every shape! But he, impatient

To be completely wretched, hastes to fill up
The measure of his woes. 'Twas man himself
Brought Death into the world, and man himself
Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
And multiplied destruction on mankind.

First Envy, eldest born of Hell, embru'd
Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of men
To make a death which Nature never made,
And God abhor'd, with violence rude to break
The thread of life, ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improv'd
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
By subtle Fraud, to snatch a single life,
Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of pow'r; more horrid still,
The foulést stain and scandal of our nature
Became its boast.—One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero.—Princes were privileg'd
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men?
And men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?
Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
Artificers of Death! Still monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin.—Blast the design,
Great God of hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!
Yet say, should tyrants learn at last to feel,

And the loud din of battle cease to roar;
Should dove-ey'd Peace o'er all the earth extend
Her olive branch, and give the world repose;
Would Death be foil'd? Would health, and strength,
and youth,
Defy his power? Has he no arts in store,
No other shafts save those of war?—Alas!
Ev'n in the smile of Peace, that smile which sheds
A heavenly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
That serpent Luxury. War its thousands slays,
Peace its ten thousands; in th' embattled plain,
Though Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,
So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless love,
He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting
Means to be blest—but finds himself undone.
Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells his sails, and fancy steers his course;
Safe glides his little bark along the shore,
Where virtue takes her stand; but if too far
He launches forth, beyond discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
O sad but sure mischance! O happier far
To lie like gallant Howe, 'midst Indian wilds,
A breathless corse, cut off by savage hands
In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice
To freedom's holy cause; than so to fall,
Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to vice, intemperance, and disease.

Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather perish still,
Ye sons of pleasure, by th' Almighty stricken,
Than ever dare (though oft, alas! ye dare)
To lift against yourselves the murderous steel,
To wrest from God's own hand the sword of Justice,
And be your own avengers.—Hold, rash man!
Though with anticipating speed thou'st ranged
Through every region of delight, nor left
One joy to gild the evening of thy days;
Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face Despair;
Yet gay this scene, and light this load of wo,
Compar'd with thy hereafter. Think, O think,
And ere thou plung'st into the vast abyss,
Pause on the verge awhile, look down and see
Thy future mansion—Why, that start of horror?
From thy slack hand why drops th' uplifted steel?
Didst thou not think such vengeance must await
The wretch, that with his crimes all fresh about
Rushes irreverent, unprepar'd, uncall'd, [him,
Into his Maker's presence, throwing back,
With insolent disdain, his choicest gift?

Live then, while Heaven in pity lends thee life,
And think it all too short to wash away,
By penitential tears, and deep contrition,
The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find
Rest to thy soul, so unappall'd shalt meet
Death when he comes, not wantonly invite
His lingering stroke. Be it thy sole concern
With innocence to live, with patience wait
Th' appointed hour; too soon that hour will come,
Though Nature run her course: but Nature's GOD,
If need require, by thousand various ways,
Without thy aid, can shorten that short span,

And quench the lamp of life.—O when he comes,
Rous'd by the cry of wickedness extreme,
To Heaven ascending from some guilty land,
Now ripe for vengeance ; when he comes array'd
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath ;
Forth from his bosom plucks his lingering arm,
And on the miscreant pours destruction down !
Who can abide his coming ? Who can bear
His whole displeasure ? In no common form
Death then appears, but, starting into size
Enormous, measures with gigantic stride [round
The astonish'd earth, and from his looks throws
Unutterable horror and dismay.
All Nature lends her aid. Each element
Arms in his cause. Ope fly the doors of Heaven,
The fountains of the deep their barriers break,
Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
And drown creation, or in floods of fire
Descends a livid cataract, and consumes [peace,
An impious race.—Sometimes, when all seems
Wakes the grim Whirlwind, and with rude embrace
Sweeps nations to their graves, or in the deep
Whelms the proud wooden world ; full many a youth
Floats on his watery bier, or lies unwept
On some sad desert shore.—At dead of night,
In sullen silence stalks forth Pestilence :
Contagion close behind taints all her steps
With poisonous dew ; no smiting hand is seen,
No sound is heard : but soon her secret path
Is mark'd with desolation ; heaps on heaps
Promiscuous drop ; no friend, no refuge near ;
All, all is false and treacherous around,
All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is Death.

But ah ! what means that ruinous roar ? Why fail

These tottering fect ?—Earth to its centre feels
The Godhead's power, and, trembling at his touch
Through all its pillars, and in every pore,
Hurls to the ground, with one convulsive heave,
Precipitating domes, and towns, and towers,
The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight
Of general devastation, millions find
One common grave : not ev'n a widow left
To wail her sons : the house that should protect
Entombs its master, and the faithless plain,
If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn
Starts from beneath him.—Shield me, gracious Heaven!
O snatch me from destruction! If this globe,
This solid globe, which thine own hand hath made
So firm and sure, if this my steps betray ;
If my own mother-earth, from whence I sprung,
Rise up with rage unnatural to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly ?
Where look for succour ? Where, but up to Thee,
Almighty Father ! Save, O save thy suppliant
From horrors such as these !—At thy good time
Let Death approach ; I reck not—let him come
In genuine form, not with this vengeance arm'd,
Too much for man to bear. O rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke,
And at that hour when all aghast I stand
(A trembling candidate for thy compassion)
On this world's brink, and look into the next ;
When my soul, starting from the dark unknown,
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair scene, from all her custom'd joys,
And all the lovely relatives of life,

Then shed thy comforts o'er me; then put on
The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark crimes,
In all their hideous forms then starting up,
Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,
And stab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd torture,
Sense of past guilt, and dread of future wo.
Far be the ghastly crew; and in their stead
Let cheerful Memory from her purest cells
Lead forth a goodly train of virtues fair,
Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back
With tenfold usury the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds the heavenly balm
Of conscious innocence.—But chiefly thou,
Whom soft-ey'd Pity once led down from Heaven
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die;
Disdain not thou to smooth the restless bed
Of sickness and of pain.—Forgive the tear
That feeble nature drops, calm all her fears,
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
Till my rapt soul, anticipating Heaven,
Bursts from the thraldom of encumbering clay,
And on the wing of ecstasy upborne,
Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life!

Porteus.

ON SEEING THE FIGURE OF DEATH IN A DREAM.

Avert, proud Death, thy lifted spear,
Nor vaunt the King of Terrors here;
Shorn of thy first envenom'd sting,
Vain are all terrors thou canst bring:

Smite, monster, smite, nor spare thy deepest wound;
From Jesse's root our sov'reign balm is found.

When o'er the world's wide misery,
Coeval darkness sway'd with thee,
Creation shrunk beneath thy frown,
And horror mark'd thy ebon crown.
Those downcast kingdoms, whelm'd in ruin lie,
Smote by the beaming Day-spring from on high.

Though, clad in vesture of affright,
Thou prowl'st beneath the pall of night,
Thy famish'd form doth quash alarm:
Unpoise that daring strengthless arm;
Bow thy diminish'd head; stern tyrant, flee;
For thou art swallow'd up in victory.

Sweet Mercy hath her triumph shown,
Thy darken'd host of fear o'erthrown:
Now to behold thee, vanquish'd slave,
No power's left beyond the grave;
We greet thee kind!—O wondrous friendship this!
Welcome, good herald!—to announce our bliss.

Dr. Harrington.

MEDITATION ON DEATH.

Enough, enough, my soul, of worldly noise,
Of airy pomps, and fleeting joys;
What doth this busy world provide at best
But brittle goods, that break like glass,
But poison'd sweets, a troubled feast,
And pleasures like the winds, that in a moment [pass?

Thy thoughts to nobler meditations give,
And study how to die, not how to live.

How frail is beauty! Ah, how vain,
And how short-liv'd those glories are,
That vex our nights and days with pain,
And break our hearts with care!
In dust we no distinction see,
Such Helen is; such, Myra, thou must be.

How short is life! why will vain courtiers toil,
And crowd a vainer monarch, for a smile?
What is that monarch, but a mortal man,
His crown a pageant, and his life a span?
With all his guards, and his dominions, he
Must sicken too, and die as well as we.

Those boasted names of conquerors and kings
Are swallow'd, and become forgotten things;
One destin'd period men in common have,
The great, the base, the coward, and the brave,
All food alike for worms, companions in the grave:
The prince and parasite together lie,
No fortune can exalt, but death will climb as high.

Lansdowne.

A NIGHT-PIECE, ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way,

I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.
How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass, with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
'Time was, like thee, they life possess'd;
And time shall be when thou shalt rest.'
Those, with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose
Where toil and poverty repose.
The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away;)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,

Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones;
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.
Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades:
All slow, and wan, and wrap'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
'Think, mortal, what it is to die!'
Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones:—
'When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a King of Fears am I?
They view me like the last of things;
They make, and then they dread my stings.
Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my sceptred form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God:
A port of calms, a state of ease,
From the rough rage of swelling seas.
'Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendent cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,

And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead?
'Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of wo
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering Sun:
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On Earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years, they waste:
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scenes unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.' *Parnell.*

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

My thoughts, that often mount the skies,
Go, search the world beneath
Where Nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her sovereign, Death.

The tyrant, how he triumphs here!
His trophies spread around!
And heaps of dust and bones appear
Through all the hollow ground.

These skulls, what ghastly figures now!
How loathsome to the eyes!
These are the heads we lately knew
So beauteous and so wise.

But where the souls, those deathless things,
That left this dying clay?
My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings
And trace eternity.

O that unfathomable sea!
Those deeps without a shore!
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar.

Thus must we leave the banks of life,
And try this doubtful sea;
Vain are our groans, and dying strife,
To gain a moment's stay.

There we shall swim in heavenly bliss,
Or sink in flaming waves,
While the pale carcass thoughtless lies
Amongst the silent graves.

Some hearty friend shall drop his tear
On our dry bones, and say,
'These once were strong, as mine appear,
And mine must be as they.'

Thus shall our mouldering members teach
What now our senses learn:
For dust and ashes loudest preach
Man's infinite concern. *Watts.*

THE GRAVE.

The house appointed for all living. *Job.*

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life;—the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet.—Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of Hell and Death.—The Grave, dread thing!
Men shudder when thou'rt nam'd: nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted firmness.—Ah! how dark
Thy long extended realms, and rueful wastes!
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant Sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.—The sickly taper,
By glimmering through thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
(Furr'd round with mouldy damps and ropy slime)
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
Midst sculls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold Moon (as fame reports)
Embodied, thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.
See yonder hallow'd fane—the pious work

Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried midst the wreck of things which were;
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud: the gloomy aisles,
Black-plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of 'scutcheons
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead.—Rous'd from their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.
Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
(Coeval near with that) all ragged show,
Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
Their branchless trunks; others so thin a-top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here:
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd.
(Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near the witching time of night.)
Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine chequering through the trees,

The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and (strange to tell!)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes spied,
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
Whilst bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She drops; whilst busy, meddling memory,
In barbarous succession musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than Nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweetner of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.

Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of thy gentle heart,
Anxious to please.—Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the under-wood,
Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongued thrush
Mended his song of love: the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and softened every note:
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst every flower
Vied with his fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress.—Oh! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!
Dull Grave—thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And every smirking feature from the face:
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the men of health
Complexionally pleasant? Where's the droll,
Whose every look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lip'd, musing Melancholy,
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.
Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?

The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth,
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim,
And cram'd into a space we blush to name!
Proud Royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone!
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now,
Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon its back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife.
Mute, must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd;
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the herald duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple;
Oh, cruel irony! these come too late;
And only mock, whom they were meant to honour.
Surely there's not a dungeon-slave that's bury'd
In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,
Above the vulgar born, to rot in state.
But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding on,
Stately and slow; and properly attended

By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour,
To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad.
How rich the trappings! now they're all unfurl'd,
And glittering in the sun; triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unwieldy show; whilst from the casements,
And houses' tops, ranks behind ranks, close wedg'd,
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcass
That's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible?—Ye undertakers, tell us,
Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty stir?—'Tis wisely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.
Proud lineage! now how little thou appear'st
Below the envy of the private man!
Honour! that meddlesome officious ill,
Pursues thee ev'n to death; nor there stops short.
Strange persecution! when the grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.
Absurd to think to overreach the Grave;
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours.
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame,
Die fast away; only themselves die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurell'd bard,
These bold insurancers of deathless fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tapering pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,

And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of Heaven,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,
At once gives way. Oh! lamentable sight!
The labour of whole ages tumbles down,
A hideous and misshapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wrestle, but in vain,
With all-subduing Time: her cankering hand
With calm deliberate malice wasteth them:
Worn on the edge of days the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.
Here all the mighty troublers of the Earth,
Who swam to sovereign rule through seas of blood;
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of power
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind the covert.
Vain thought! to hide them from the general scorn
That haunts and dogs them, like an injur'd ghost
Implacable.—Here too the petty tyrant
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
And, well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as short,
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey;
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery;

(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
Of the same common nature with his lord ;)
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his kinsman ;
Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground,
Precedency's a jest ; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.
When self-esteem, or other's adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were something
Above the common level of our kind, [flattery,
The Grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.
Beauty !—thou pretty plaything, dear deceit,
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse, unknown before,
The grave discredits thee ; thy charms expung'd,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscar'd.—For this, was all thy caution?
For this, thy painful labours at the glass?
T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair?
For which the spoiler thanks thee not, Foul feeder!
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look how the fair-one weeps!—the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs :
Honest effusion ! the swol'n heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.
Strength, too—thou surly, and less gentle boast

Of those that loud laugh at the village ring;
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
With greater ease, than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden; let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play.—What now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread shoulders?
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain!—Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning; hideous sight!
Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
While the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you that groan?
It was his last.—See how the great Goliah,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still.—What mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster!
To vaunt of nerves of thine? what means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man,
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife?
With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube; [space,
And, travelling through the boundless length of

Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstasy of thought. But ah! proud man,
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails;
And down thou drop'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.
Here, the tongue-warrior lies, disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ail to passers by. [change,
Great man of language!—whence this mighty
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue;
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! Thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing.—Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been;
Raz'd from the book of fame; or, more provoking,
Perchance some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along:
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.
Here the great masters of the healing art,
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb,
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
Resign to fate.—Proud Æsculapius' son!
Where are thy boasted implements of art.

And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Eseap'd thy rifling hand; from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy-retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire: nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
But why this apparatus? why this cost?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave,
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou speakest not—The bold impostor
Looks not more silly, when the cheat's found out.

Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons,
Who meanly stole (discreditable shift)
From back, and belly too, their proper cheer,
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcass, now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clamorous appetites no longer teas'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But, ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
Ah! now you've made the rich man poor indeed:
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
Oh, cursed lust of gold! when, for thy sake,
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds:
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for the world to come?
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help;
But shrieks in vain!—How wishfully she looks

On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
Oh! might she stay, to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage.—Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood;—and every groan
She heaves is big with horror.—But the foe,
Like a stauneh murderer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her elose through every lane of life,
Nor misses onee the traek, but presses on;
Till, fore'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.
Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul,
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side.
Nature runs baek, and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thought of parting;
For part they must: body and soul must part;
Fond eouple! link'd more elose than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled piteher of no use.
If death were nothing, and nought after death;
If when men died, at onee they eeas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprung; then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the heavens:—then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and, when 'tis drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bugbear Death:—then might the wretch
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,

At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being, when he pleased,
And by what way, whether by hemp or steel;
Death's thousand doors stand open.—Who could
foree
The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes?—Sure he does well,
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able—But if there's an *hereafter;*
(And that there is, conscience, uninfluene'd
And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man;)
Then must it be an awful thing to die:
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder!—name it not: our island's shame,
That makes her the reproach of neighbouring
states.
Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it, Heaven!—Let not, upon disgust,
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
With blood of its own lord.—Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage,
To rush into the presence of our Judge;
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst, [tures
And matter'd not his wrath!—Unheard of tor-
Must be reserv'd for such: these herd together;
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd!
How long, how short, we know not:—this we
know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission:
Like sentries that must keep their destin'd stand,

And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
These only are the brave that keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ill, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves,
By boldly venturing on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark;—'tis mad;
No frenzy half so desperate as this.
Tell us, ye dead, will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret?
Oh! that some courteous ghost would blab it out;
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard, that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death:—'twas kindly done
To knock and give th' alarm.—But what means
This stinted charity?—'Tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves.—Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice?—I'll ask no more:
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves. Well, 'tis no matter;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.
Death's shafts fly thick:—here falls the village swain,
And there his pamper'd lord.—The cup goes round:
And who so artful as to put it by?
'Tis long since death had the majority;
Yet strange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed.
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle,

Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors.—Scarce a skull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life.—Thus hand in hand
The sot has walk'd with Death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale:—when drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch! he minds not,
That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.
On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Could scarce have leisure for.—Fools that we are,
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time: as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours.—Oh! more than sottish,
For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink
Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,
The very first swol'n surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on,
With a resistless unremitting stream;
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight-thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. What is this world?
What? but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals

Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live, must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring; in their turns
They too must cover theirs.—'Tis here all meet,
The shivering Icelander, and sunburnt Moor;
Men of all climes that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, and Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sovereign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight.—Here lie abash'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts.
Now vain their treaty-skill:—Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders;—and, when the stern tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm,—and quick as thought escapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,
(Time out of mind the favourite seats of love)
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue.—Here friends and foes
Lie close; unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd prelate and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here like sister-streams
That some rude i[illegible]rposing rock has split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant:—here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,

Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters:
The barren wife, and long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose every-day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth.—The shrill tongued shrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, and profane,
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean;
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.
Poor man!—how happy once in thy first state!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well-pleas'd,
Smil'd on his last fair work.—Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts.—Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache: nor was there cause they should;
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings-up of what might be,

Alarm'd his peaceful bosom.—Summer seas
Show not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern winds
Just ready to expire—scarce importun'd,
The generous soil, with a luxurious hand,
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And every thing most perfect in its kind.
Blessed! thrice blessed days!—But ah! how short!
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men;
But fugitive like those, and quickly gone.
Oh! slippery state of things.—What sudden turns!
What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf
Of man's sad history!—To-day most happy,
And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject.
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus far'd it with our sire:—not long he enjoy'd
His Paradise.—Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again.—And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man?—Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate.—But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom.—A mighty angel,
With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
One last and farewell round.—At once he lost
His glory, and his God.—If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder.—Man has sinn'd.
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try: nor tried in vain.

(Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
Where the worst thing could happen, is success.)
Alas! too well he sped:—the good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
Not to return;—or if it did, its visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between:
Whilst the black demon, with his hell-scap'd train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man: who now too late
Saw the rash error, which he could not mend:
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage!—Human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds through every vein.
What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, Sin!
Greatest and first of ills.—The fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions!—But for thee
Sorrow had never been.—All noxious thing,
Of vilest nature!—Other sorts of evils
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from his burning entrails,
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops.—The big-swol'n inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threatening more;
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than those! Sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world:
Despatching at a wide-extended blow
Entire mankind; and, for their sakes, defacing

A whole creation's beauty with rude hands ;
Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accursed thing!—Oh! where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors?—Pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper so transcendently malign,
That toads and serpents, of most deadly kind,
Compar'd to thee, are harmless.—Sicknesses
Of every size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues, are thine.—See how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round!
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her heels,
Wades deep in blood new-spilt; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.
But, hold! I've gone too far; too much discover'd
My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.
Here let me pause, and drop an honest tear;
One burst of filial duty and condolence,
O'er all those ample deserts Death hath spread,
This chaos of mankind.—O great man-eater!
Whose every day is carnival, not sated yet!
Unheard-of epicure! without a fellow!
The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite: thou seekest none.
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
But, ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more:
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,

On whom lank Hunger lays her skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings,
As if diseases, massacres, and poison,
Famine, and war, were not thy caterers.
But know, that thou must render up thy dead,
And with high interest too.—They are not thine,
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of strong-lung'd cherub, shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers, into life,
Day-light, and liberty.——
Then must thy doors fly open, and reveal
The mines, that long lay forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
And inquisition of the forge.—We know
Th' illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd.—Him in thy power
Thou could'st not hold:—self vigorous he rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent:
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on Earth,
And show'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,
By proofs so strong, that the most slow-assenting
Had not a scruple left.—This having done,
He mounted up to Heav'n.—Methinks I see him
Climb the aërial heights, and glide along
Athwart the severing clouds: but the faint eye,
Flung backwards in the chase, soon drops its hold;
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in!

Nor are his friends shut out: as a great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train.——It was his royal will,
That where he is, there should his followers be;
Death only lies between.—A gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears:
But not untrod, nor tedious: the fatigue
Will soon go off.—Besides, there's no by-road
To bliss.—Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air, and softer skies,
And a ne'er-setting sun?—Fools that we are!
We wish to be, where sweets unwithering bloom;
But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
Fast by the rivulet's brink, a youngster play:
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
This moment resolute, next unresolv'd:
At last he dips his foot; but, as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flowers that paint the further bank,
And smil'd so sweet of late.—Thrice welcome Death!
That after many a painful bleeding step
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long wish'd-for shore.—Prodigious change;
Our bane turn'd to a blessing!—Death disarm'd,
Loses its fellness quite.—All thanks to Him
Who scourg'd the venom out.—Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace!—How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the evening tide of life,

A life well-spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the Sun, seems larger at his setting.
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away:
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast coming harvest.—Then, oh then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought.—Oh! how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
'Tis done! and now he's happy!—the glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd.—Ev'n the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain:—the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed dust
Inviolate:—and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;
And each shall have his own.—Hence, ye profane!
Ask not, how this can be?—Sure the same pow'r
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can reassemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were.—Almighty God
Has done much more: nor is his arm impair'd
Through length of days: and what he can, he will:
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering
dust,

(Not unattentive to the call) shall wake:
And every joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state.—Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner, but amidst the crowd
Singling its other half, into the arms
Shall rush with all th' impatience of a man
That's new-come home, and, having long been absent,
With haste runs over every different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Thus at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day;
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

Blair.

MESSIAH. A SACRED ECLOGUE.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the silvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
Rapt into future times the bard begun:
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a Branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.

Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail!
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from Heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
O spring to light, auspicious babe be born!
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring;
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
'Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!'
'A God, a God!' the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, Earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and ye valleys, rise!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay!
Be smooth, ye rocks! ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes, by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf; and, all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.

In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flowering palm succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.

The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idumea's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See Heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains;—
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

Pope.

ODE ON THE MESSIAH.

When man had disobey'd his Lord,
Vindictive Justice drew the sword;
'The rebel and his race shall die,'
He spake, and thunders burst the sky.

Lo! Jesus pard'ning grace displays,
Nor thunders roll, nor lightnings blaze.
Jesus, the Saviour, stands confest,
In rays of mildest glories drest.

As round him press th' angelic crowd,
Mercy and Truth he calls aloud;
The smiling cherub's wing'd to view,
Their pinions sounded as they flew:

'Ye favourites of the throne, arise,
Bear the strange tidings through the skies!
Say, man, th' apostate rebel, lives,
Say, Jesus bleeds, and Heav'n forgives.'

'In pity to the fallen race,
I'll take their nature and their place;
I'll bleed, their pardon to procure;
I'll die, to make that pardon sure.'

Now Jesus leaves his bless'd abode,
A virgin's womb receives the God.
When the tenth moon had wan'd on Earth,
A virgin's womb disclos'd the birth.

New praise employs th' ethereal throng,
Their golden harps repeat the song;
And angels waft th' immortal strains
To humble Bethl'em's happy plains.

While there the guardians of the sheep
By night their faithful vigils keep,
Celestial notes their ears delight,
And floods of glory drown their sight.

When Gabriel thus, 'Exult, ye swains,
Jesus, your own Messiah, reigns!
Arise, the royal babe behold,
Jesus, by ancient bards foretold.

'To David's town direct your way,
And shout, Salvation's born to-day!
There, in a manger's mean disguise,
You'll find the Sovereign of the skies.'

What joy Salvation's sound imparts,
You best can tell, ye guileless hearts,
Whom no vain science led astray,
Nor taught to scorn Salvation's way.

Though regal purple spurns these truths,
Maintain your ground, ye chosen youths;
Brave the stern tyrant's lifted rod,
Nor blush to own a dying God.

What! though the sages of the Earth
Proudly dispute this wondrous birth;
Though learning mocks Salvation's voice,
Know, Heav'n applauds your wiser choice.

Oh, be this wiser choice my own!
Bear me, some seraph, to his throne;
Where the rapt soul dissolves away
In visions of eternal day.

Cotton.

CHRIST'S PASSION, FROM A GREEK ODE BY MR. MASTERS, FORMERLY OF NEW COLLEGE.

No more of earthly subjects sing:
To Heaven, my muse, aspire;
To raise the song, charge every string,
And strike the living lyre.
Begin; in lofty numbers show
Th' Eternal King's unfathom'd love,
Who reigns the sovereign God above,
And suffers on the cross below.
Prodigious pile of wonders! rais'd too high
For the dim ken of frail mortality.
What numbers shall I bring along?
From whence shall I begin the song?
The mighty mystery I'll sing, inspir'd,
Beyond the reach of human wisdom wrought,
Beyond the compass of an angel's thought,
How by the rage of man his God expir'd!
I'll make the trackless depths of mercy known,
How to redeem his foe God render'd up his Son;
I'll raise my voice to tell mankind
The victor's conquest o'er his doom,
How in the grave he lay confin'd,
To seal more sure the ravenous tomb.
Three days th' infernal empire to subdue,
He pass'd triumphant through the coasts of wo;
With his own dart the tyrant Death he slew,
And led Hell captive through her realms below.

A mingled sound from Calvary I hear,
And the loud tumults thicken on my ear,

The shouts of murderers that insult the slain,
The voice of torment, and the shrieks of pain.
I cast my eyes with horror up
To the curs'd mountain's guilty top;
See there! whom hanging in the midst I view!
Ah! how unlike the other two!
I see him high above his foes,
And gently bending to the wood
His head in pity down to those,
Whose guilt conspires to shed his blood.
His wide-extended arms I see,
Transfix'd with nails, and fasten'd to the tree.
Man! senseless man! canst thou look on?
Nor make thy Saviour's pains thy own.
The rage of all thy pain exert,
Rend thy garments and thy heart:
Beat thy breast, and grovel low,
Beneath the burden of thy wo:
Bleed through thy bowels, tear thy hairs,
Breathe gales of sighs, and weep a flood of tears.
Behold thy King with purple cover'd round,
Not in the Tyrian tincture dy'd,
Nor dipp'd in poison of Sidonian pride,
But in his own rich blood, that streams from every wound.
Dost thou not see the thorny circle red?
The guilty wreath that blushes round his head?
And with what rage the bloody scourge applied,
Curls round his limbs, and ploughs into his side?

At such a sight let all thy anguish rise,
Break up, break up, the fountains of thy eyes.
Here bid thy tears in gushing torrents flow,
Indulge thy grief, and give a loose to wo.

Weep, from thy soul, till earth be drown'd,
Weep, till thy sorrows drench the ground.
Canst thou, ungrateful man! his torment see,
Nor drop a tear for him, who pours his blood for thee? *Pitt.*

THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST, AS IT IS REPRESENTED ON THE EAST WINDOW OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE CHAPEL.

At once to raise our rev'rence and delight,
To elevate the mind and please the sight,
To pour in virtue at th' attentive eye,
And waft the soul on wings of ecstasy;
For this the painter's art with nature vies,
And bids the visionary saint arise:
Who views the sacred forms in th[illegible]ught aspires,
Catches pure zeal, and, as he g[illegible]s, fires;
Feels the same ardour to his b[illegible]st convey'd;
Is what he sees, and emulates the shade.
Thy strokes, great artist, so sublime appear,
They check our pleasure with an awful fear;
While through the mortal line the God you trace,
Author himself and heir of Jesse's race,
In raptures we admire thy bold design,
And, as the subject, own the hand divine.
While through thy work the rising day shall stream,
So long shall last thine honour, praise, and name.
And may thy labours to the Muse impart
Some emanation from her sister art,
To animate the verse, and bid it shine
In colours easy, bright, and strong as thine!

Supine on earth an awful figure lies,
While softest slumbers seem to seal his eyes;
The hoary sire Heaven's guardian care demands,
And at his feet the watchful angel stands.
The form august and large, the mien divine,
Betray the founder of Messiah's line.*
Lo! from his loins the promis'd stem ascend,
And high to Heaven its sacred boughs extend:
Each limb productive of some hero springs,
And blooms luxuriant with a race of kings.
Th' eternal plant wide spreads its arms around,
And with the mighty branch the mystic top is crown'd.
And lo! the glories of th' illustrious line
At their first dawn with ripen'd splendours shine,
In David all express'd; the good, the great,
The king, the hero, and the man complete.
Serene he sits, and sweeps the golden lyre,
And blends the prophet's with the poet's fire.
See! with what art he strikes the vocal strings,
The God, his theme, inspiring what he sings!
Hark—or our ears delude us—from his tongue
Sweet flows, or seems to flow, some heavenly song.
Oh could thine art arrest the fleeting sound,
And paint the voice in magic numbers bound;
Could the warm sun, as erst when Memnon play'd,
Wake with his rising beam the vocal shade;
Then might he draw th' attentive angels down,
Bending to hear the lay, so sweet, so like their own.
On either side the monarch's offspring shine,
And some adorn, and some disgrace their line.

* Jesse.

Here Ammon glories; proud incestuous lord!
This hand sustains the robe, and that the sword.
Frowning and fierce, with haughty strides he tow'rs,
And on his horrid brow defiance low'rs.
There Absalom the ravish'd sceptre sways,
And his stolen honour all his shame displays:
The base usurper youth! who joins in one
The rebel subject and th' ungrateful son.
Amid the royal race, see Nathan stand:
Fervent he seems to speak, and lift his hand;
His looks th' emotion of his soul disclose,
And eloquence from ev'ry gesture flows.
Such, and so stern he came, ordain'd to bring
Th' ungrateful mandate to the guilty king:
When, at his dreadful voice, a sudden smart [heart,
Shot through the trembling monarch's conscious
From his own lips condemn'd; severe decree!
Had his God prov'd so stern a judge as he:
But man to frailty is allied by birth;
Consummate purity ne'er dwelt on Earth;
Through all the soul though virtue holds the rein,
Beats at the heart, and springs in ev'ry vein,
Yet ever from the clearest source have ran
Some gross alloy, some tincture of the man.
But who is he deep musing? in his mind,
He seems to weigh in reason's scales mankind;
Fix'd contemplation holds his steady eyes—
I know the sage*, the wisest of the wise.
Blest with all man could wish, or prince obtain,
Yet his great heart pronounc'd those blessings vain,
And lo! bright glittering in his sacred hands,
In miniature the glorious temple stands.

* Solomon.

Effulgent frame! stupendous to behold!
Gold the strong valves, the roof of burnish'd gold.
The wand'ring ark, in that bright dome enshrin'd,
Spreads the strong light, eternal, unconfin'd,
Above th' unutterable glory plays,
Presence divine! and the full streaming rays
Pour through reluctant clouds intolerable blaze.
But stern oppression rends Reboam's reign:
See the gay prince, injurious, proud, and vain!
Th' imperial sceptre totters in his hand,
And proud rebellion triumphs in the land,
Curs'd with corruption's ever-fruitful spring,
A beardless senate, and a haughty king.
There Asa, good and great, the sceptre bears,
Justice attends his peace, success his wars;
While virtue was his sword, and Heav'n his shield,
Without control the warrior swept the field;
Loaded with spoils, triumphant he return'd,
And half her swarthy sons sad Ethiopia mourn'd.
But since thy flagging piety decay'd,
And barter'd God's defence for human aid;
See their fair laurels wither on thy brow,
Nor herbs nor healthful arts avail thee now,
Nor is Heav'n chang'd, apostate prince, but thou.
No mean atonement does this lapse require;
But see the son, you must forgive the sire;
He*, the just prince—with ev'ry virtue bless'd
He reign'd, and goodness all the man possess'd.
Around his throne fair happiness and peace
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and smil'd in ev'ry face.
As when along the burning waste he stray'd,
Where no pure streams in bubbling mazes play'd,

* Josaphat.

Where drought incumbent on the thirsty ground
Long since had breath'd her scorching blasts around:
The prophet* calls, th' obedient floods repair
To the parch'd fields, for Josaphat was there.
The new-spring waves, in many a gurgling vein,
Trickles luxurious through the sucking plain;
Fresh honours the reviving fields adorn,
And o'er the desert plenty pours her horn.
So, from the throne his influence he sheds,
And bids the virtues raise their languid heads:
Where'er he goes, attending Truth prevails,
Oppression flies, and Justice lifts her scales.
See, on his arm the royal eagle stand,
Great type of conquest and supreme command;
Th' exulting bird distinguish'd triumph brings,
And greets the Monarch with expanded wings.
Fierce Moab's sons prevent th' impending blow,
Rush on themselves, and fall without the foe.
The pious hero vanquish'd Heaven by pray'r;
His faith an army, and his vows a war.
Thee too, Ozias, fates indulgent bless'd,
And thy days shone in fairest actions dress'd;
Till that rash hand, by some blind frensy sway'd,
Unclean, the sacred office durst invade:
Quick o'er thy limbs the scurfy venom ran,
And hoary filth besprinkled all the man.

Transmissive worth adorns the pious son†,
The father's virtues with the father's throne.
Lo! there he stands: he who the rage subdued
Of Ammon's sons, and drench'd his sword in blood.
And dost thou, Ahaz, Judah's scourge, disgrace
With thy base front the glories of thy race?

* Elisha. † Jotham.

See the vile king his iron sceptre bear—
His only praise attends the pious * heir;
He, in whose soul the virtues all conspire,
The best good son from the worst wicked sire.
And lo! in Hezekiah's golden reign,
Long exil'd piety returns again;
Again in genuine purity she shines, [shrines.
And with her presence gilds the long-neglected
Ill-starr'd does proud Assyria's impious lord†
Bid Heav'n to arms, and vaunt his dreadful sword!
His own vain threats th' insulting king o'erthrow,
But breathe new courage on the gen'rous foe.
Th' avenging angel, by divine command,
The fiery sword full-blazing in his hand,
Lean'd down from heaven: amid the storm he rode,
March'd Pestilence before him; as he trod,
Pale desolation bath'd his steps in blood.
Thick wrapt in night, through the proud host he pass'd,
Dispensing death, and drove the furious blast;
Nor bade Destruction give her revels o'er
Till the gorg'd sword was drunk with human gore.
But what avails thee, pious prince, in vain
Thy sceptre rescu'd, and th' Assyrian slain?
E'en now the soul maintains her latest strife,
And death's chill grasp congeals the fount of life.
Yet see, kind Heaven renews thy brittle thread,
And rolls full fifteen summers o'er thy head;
Lo! the receding Sun repeats his way,
And, like thy life, prolongs the falling day.
Though nature her inverted course forego,
The day forget to rest, the time to flow,

* Hezekiah. † Sennacherib.

Yet shall Jehovah's servants stand secure,
His mercy fix'd, eternal shall endure:
On them her ever-healing rays shall shine;
More mild and bright, and sure, O Sun! than thine.
At length the long-expected Prince behold,
The last good King; in ancient days foretold,
When Bethel's altar spoke his future fame,
Rent to its base, at good Josiah's name.
Blest happy prince! o'er whose lamented urn,
In plaintive song, all Judah's daughters mourn;
For whom sad Sion's softest sorrow flows,
And Jeremiah pours his sweet melodious woes.
But now fallen Sion, once the fair and great,
Sits deep in dust, abandon'd, desolate:
Bleeds her sad heart, and ever stream her eyes,
And anguish tears her with convulsive sighs.
The mournful captive spreads her hands in vain,
Her hands, that rankle with the servile chain;
Till he*, great chief, in Heav'n's appointed time,
Leads back her children to their native clime.
Fair Liberty revives with all her joys,
And bids her envied walls securely rise.
And thou, great hallow'd dome, in ruin spread,
Again shall lift sublime thy sacred head.
But, ah! with weeping eyes, the ancients view
A faint resemblance of the old in you.
No more th' effulgent glory of thy God
Speaks awful answers from the mystic cloud;
No more thine altars blaze with fire divine;
And Heaven has left thy solitary shrine.
Yet in thy courts, hereafter shalt thou see,
Presence immediate of the Deity, [thee.
The Light himself reveal'd, the God confess'd in

* Zerobabel.

And now at length the fated term of years
he world's Desire have brought, and lo! the God
appears.
The heavenly Babe the Virgin Mother bears,
And her fond looks confess'd the parent's cares;
The pleasing burden on her breast she lays,
Hangs o'er her charms, and with a smile surveys:
The infant smiles, to her fond bosom prest,
And wantons, sportive, on the mother's breast.
A radiant glory speaks him all divine,
And in the child the beams of godhead shine.
But now, alas! far other views disclose
The blackest comprehensive scene of woes.
See where man's voluntary sacrifice
Bows his meek head, and God eternal dies!
Fix'd to the cross his healing arms are bound,
While copious mercy streams from ev'ry wound.
Mark the blood-drops that life exhausting roll,
And the strong pang that rends the stubborn soul,
As all death's tortures, with severe delay,
Exult and riot in the noblest prey!
And canst thou, stupid man, those sorrows see,
Nor share the anguish which he bears for thee?
Thy sin, for which his sacred flesh is torn,
Points ev'ry nail, and sharpens ev'ry thorn.
Canst thou?—while nature smarts in ev'ry wound,
And each pang cleaves the sympathetic ground!
Lo! the black Sun, his chariot backward driven,
Blots out the day, and perishes from Heav'n!
Earth, trembling from her entrails, bears a part;
And the rent rock upbraids man's stubborn heart.
The yawning grave reveals his gloomy reign,
And the cold clay-clad dead start into life again.

And thou, O tomb, once more shalt wide display
Thy satiate jaws, and give up all thy prey.
Thou, groaning Earth, shalt heave, absorpt in flame,
As the last pangs convulse thy lab'ring frame;
When the same God unshrouded thou shalt see,
Wrapt in full blaze of pow'r and majesty,
Ride on the clouds; whilst, as his chariot flies,
The bright effusion streams through all the skies.
Then shall the proud dissolving mountains glow,
And yielding rocks in fiery rivers flow:
The molten deluge round the globe shall roar,
And all man's arts and labour be no more.
Then shall the splendours of th' enliven'd glass
Sink undistinguish'd in the burning mass.
And oh! till earth and seas, and heaven decay,
Ne'er may that fair creation fade away; [spare,
May winds and storms those beauteous colours
Still may they bloom, as permanent as fair;
All the vain rage of wasting time repel,
And his tribunal see, whose cross they paint so well.

Lowth.

THE EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE.

Great God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look:
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to Heaven.

The fields provide me food, and show
  The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
  In thy most holy word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,
  Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
  And hence my hopes arise.

Lord! make me understand thy law;
  Show what my thoughts have been:
And from thy gospel let me draw
  Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ had died
  To save my soul from Hell:
Not all the books on Earth beside
  Such heavenly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
  And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
  And meditate by night. *Watts.*

DIVINE ILLUMINATION NECESSARY TO THE MOST EXPERT PHILOSOPHER.

God never meant, that man should scale the
  Heav'ns
By strides of human wisdom, in his works.
Though wondrous: he commands us in his word

To seek him rather, where his mercy shines.
The mind indeed, enlighten'd from above,
Views him in all; ascribes to the grand cause
The grand effect; acknowledges with joy
His manner, and with rapture tastes his style.
But never yet did philosophic tube,
That brings the planets home into the eye
Of observation, and discovers, else
Not visible, his family of worlds,
Discover him that rules them; such a veil
Hangs over mortal eyes, blind from the birth,
And dark in things divine. Full often too
Our wayward intellect, the more we learn
Of nature, overlooks her Author more;
From instrumental causes proud to draw
Conclusions retrograde, and mad mistake.
But if his word once teach us, shoot a ray
Through all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal
Truths undiscern'd but by that holy light,
Then all is plain. Philosophy, baptiz'd
In the pure fountain of eternal love,
Has eyes indeed; and viewing all she sees
As meant to indicate a God to man,
Gives *him* his praise, and forfeits not her own.
Learning has borne such fruit in other days
On all her branches: piety has found
Friends in the friends of science, and true pray'r
Has flow'd from lips wet with Castalian dews.
Such was thy wisdom, Newton, childlike sage!
Sagacious reader of the works of God,
And in his word sagacious. Such too thine,
Milton, whose genius had angelic wings,
And fed on manna! And such thine, in whom

Our British Themis gloried with just cause,
Immortal Hale! for deep discernment prais'd,
And sound integrity, not more than fam'd
For sanctity of manners undefil'd. *Cowper.*

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT: A SEATONIAN PRIZE POEM.

Thy Justice, heav'nly king! and that great day,
When Virtue, long abandon'd and forlorn,
Shall raise her pensive head; and Vice, that erst
Rang'd unreprov'd and free, shall sink appall'd;
I sing advent'rous—but what eye can pierce
The vast immeasurable realms of space,
O'er which Messiah drives his flaming car,
To that bright region, where enthron'd he sits,
First-born of Heav'n, to judge assembled worlds,
Cloth'd in celestial radiance? Can the Muse,
Her feeble wing all damp with earthly dew,
Soar to that bright empyreal, where around
Myriads of angels, God's perpetual choir,
Hymn hallelujahs, and in concert loud
Chant songs of triumph to their Maker's praise?—
Yet will I strive to sing, albeit unus'd
To tread poetic soil. What though the wiles
Of Fancy me enchanted, ne'er could lure
To rove o'er fairy lands; to swim the streams
That through her valleys wave their mazy way;
Or climb her mountain tops: yet will I raise
My feeble voice to tell what harmony
(Sweet as the music of the rolling spheres)
Attunes the moral world; that Virtue still
May hope her promis'd crown: that Vice may dread

Vengeance, though late; that reas'ning Pride may own
Just, though unsearchable, the ways of Heav'n.
Sceptic! whoe'er thou art, who say'st the soul,
That divine particle which God's own breath
Inspir'd into the mortal mass, shall rest
Annihilate, till Duration has unroll'd
Her never-ending line; tell, if thou know'st,
Why every nation, ev'ry clime, though all
In laws, in rites, in manners disagree,
With one consent expect another world, [bards,
Where wickedness shall weep? Why Paynim
Fabled Elysian plains, Tartarian lakes,
Styx and Cocytus? Tell, why Hali's sons
Have feign'd a paradise of mirth and love,
Banquets, and blooming nymphs? or rather tell,
Why, on the brink of Orellana's stream,
Where never Science rear'd her sacred torch,
Th' untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds
Behind the cloud-topt hill? Why in each breast
Is plac'd a friendly monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends,
Or joy on secret good? Why conscience acts
With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain
Stands tott'ring on the precipice of death?
Or why such horror gnaws the guilty soul
Of dying sinners, while the good man sleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires?
Look round the world! with what a partial hand
The scale of bliss and mis'ry is sustain'd!
Beneath the shade of cold obscurity
Pale Virtue lies; no arm supports her head,
No friendly voice speaks comfort to her soul,

Nor soft-eyed Pity drops a melting tear ;
But, in their stead, Contempt and rude Disdain
Insult the banish'd wanderer : on she goes,
Neglected and forlorn : Disease and Cold,
And Famine, worst of ills, her steps attend !
Yet patient, and to Heaven's just will resign'd,
She ne'er is seen to weep, or heard to sigh.

Now turn your eyes to yon sweet-smelling bow'r,
Where, flush'd with all the insolence of wealth,
Sits pamper'd Vice ! For him th' Arabian gale
Breathes forth delicious odours ; Gallia's hills
For him pour nectar from the purple vine.
Nor think for these he pays the tribute due
To Heav'n : of Heav'n he never names the name,
Save when with imprecations dark and dire
He points his jest obscene. Yet buxom Health
Sits on his rosy cheek ; yet Honour gilds
His high exploits ; and downy-pinion'd Sleep
Sheds a soft opiate o'er his peaceful couch.

Seest thou this, righteous Father ! seest thou this,
And wilt thou ne'er repay ? Shall good and ill
Be carried undistinguish'd to the land
Where all things are forgot !—Ah, no ! the day
Will come when Virtue from the clouds shall burst,
That long obscur'd her beams ; when Sin shall fly
Back to her native Hell ; there sink eclips'd
In penal darkness ; where no star shall rise,
Nor ever sunshine pierce th' impervious gloom.

On that great day the solemn trump shall sound,
(That trump which once in Heav'n on man's revolt
Convok'd th' astonish'd seraphs) at whose voice
Th' unpeopled graves shall pour forth all their dead.
Then shall th' assembled nations of the Earth
From ev'ry quarter at the judgment-seat

Unite; Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks,
Parthians; and they who dwelt on Tiber's banks,
Names fam'd of old: or who of later age,
Chinese and Russian, Mexican and Turk,
Tenant the wild terrene; and they who pitch
Their tents on Niger's banks; or where the Sun
Pours on Golconda's spires his early light,
Drink Ganges' sacred stream. At once shall rise,
Whom distant ages to each others' sight
Had long denied: before the throne shall kneel
Some great progenitor, while at his side
Stand his descendants through a thousand lines.
Whate'er their nation, and whate'er their rank,
Heroes and patriarchs, slaves and sceptred kings,
With equal eye the God of all shall see,
And judge with equal love. What though the great
With costly pomp and aromatic sweets
Embalm'd his poor remains; or through the dome
A thousand tapers shed their gloomy light,
While solemn organs to his parting soul
Chanted slow orisons? Say, by what mark
Dost thou discern him from that lowly swain
Whose mouldering bones beneath the thorn-bound turf
Long lay neglected? All at once shall rise,
But not to equal glory; for, alas!
With howlings dire, and execrations loud,
Some wail their fatal birth. First among these
Behold the mighty murd'rers of mankind:
They who in sport whole kingdoms slew; or they
Who to the tott'ring pinnacle of power
Waded through seas of blood! How will they curse
The madness of ambition! How lament
Their dear-bought laurels; when the widow'd wife

And childless mother at the judgment seat
Plead trumpet-tongu'd against them !—Here are they
Who sunk an aged father to the grave;
Or, with unkindness hard, and cold disdain,
Slighted a brother's suff'rings.—Here are they
Whom fraud and skilful treachery long secur'd;
Who from the infant virgin tore her dow'r,
And ate the orphan's bread; who spent their stores
In selfish luxury; or o'er their gold
Prostrate and pale ador'd the useless heap.
Here too who stain'd the chaste connubial bed !—
Who mix'd the pois'nous bowl;—or broke the ties
Of hospitable friendship;—and the wretch
Whose listless soul, sick with the cares of life,
Unsummon'd to the presence of his God
Rush'd in with insult rude. How would they joy
Once more to visit Earth, and, though oppress'd
With all that pain and famine can inflict,
Pant up the hill of life? Vain wish! the Judge
Pronounces doom eternal on their heads,
Perpetual punishment! Seek not to know
What punishment! for that th' Almighty will
Has hid from mortal eyes: and shall vain man
With curious search refin'd presume to pry
Into thy secrets, Father? No! let him
With humble patience all thy works adore,
And walk in all thy paths; so shall his meed
Be great in Heav'n, so haply shall he 'scape
Th' immortal worm and never ceasing fire.
But who are they, who bound in tenfold chains
Stand horribly aghast? This is that crew
Who strove to pull Jehovah from his throne,
And in the place of Heaven's eternal King
Set up the phantom Chance. For them in vain

Alternate seasons cheer'd the rolling year;
In vain the Sun, or herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r
Shed genial influence mild; and the pale Moon
Repair'd her waning orb.—Next these is plac'd
The vile blasphemer; he, whose impious wit
Profan'd the sacred mysteries of faith,
And 'gainst th' impenetrable walls of Heav'n
Planted his feeble battery. By these stands
The Arch Apostate: he with many a wile
Exhorts them still to foul revolt. Alas!
No hope have they from black despair, no ray
Shines through the gloom to cheer their sinking souls:
In agonies of grief they curse the hour
When first they left Religion's onward way.
These on the left are rang'd; but on the right
A chosen band appears, who fought beneath
The banner of Jehovah, and defied
Satan's united legions. Some, unmov'd
At the grim tyrant's frown, o'er barb'rous climes
Diffus'd the Gospel's light: some long immur'd
(Sad servitude!) in chains and dungeons pin'd;
Or, rack'd with all the agonies of pain,
Breath'd out their faithful lives. Thrice happy they
Whom Heav'n elected to that glorious strife!—
Here are they plac'd, whose kind munificence
Made heaven-born Science raise her drooping head;
And on the labours of a future race
Entail'd their just reward. Thou amongst these,
Good Seaton! whose well-judg'd benevolence
Fost'ring fair Genius, bade the poet's hand
Bring annual off'rings to his Maker's shrine,
Shalt find the generous care was not in vain.—
Here is that fav'rite band, whom mercy mild,
God's best-lov'd attribute, adorn'd; whose gate

Stood ever open to the stranger's call;
Who fed the hungry; to the thirsty lip
Reach'd out the friendly cup; whose care benign
From the rude blast secur'd the pilgrim's side;
Who heard the widow's tender tale, and shook
The galling shackle from the pris'ner's feet;
Who each endearing tie, each office knew
Of meek-eyed, heaven-descended Charity.
O Charity, thou nymph divinely fair!
Sweeter than those whom ancient poets bound
In amity's indissoluble chain,
The Graces! how shall I essay to paint
Thy charms, celestial maid! and in rude verse
Blazon those deeds thyself did'st ne'er reveal?
For thee nor rankling Envy can infect,
Nor rage transport, nor high o'erweening Pride
Puff up with vain conceit: ne'er didst thou smile
To see the sinner as a verdant tree
Spread his luxuriant branches o'er the stream;
While, like some blasted trunk, the righteous fall
Prostrate, forlorn. When prophecies shall fail,
When tongues shall cease, when knowledge is no more,
And this great day is come, thou by the throne
Shalt sit triumphant. Thither, lovely maid!
Bear me, O bear me on thy soaring wing,
And through the adamantine gates of Heav'n
Conduct my steps, safe from the fiery gulf
And dark abyss, where Sin and Satan reign!
But can the Muse, her numbers all too weak,
Tell how that restless element of fire
Shall wage with seas and earth intestine war,
And deluge all creation? Whether (so
Some think) the comet, as through fields of air

Lawless he wanders, shall rush headlong on
Thwarting th' ecliptic, where th' unconscious Earth
Rolls in her wonted course; whether the Sun
With force centripetal into his orb
Attract her, long reluctant; or the caves,
Those dread volcanos, where engend'ring lie
Sulphureous minerals, from the dark abyss
Pour streams of liquid fire; while from above,
As erst on Sodom, Heaven's avenging hand
Rains fierce combustion.—Where are now the works
Of art, the toil of ages?—Where are now
Th' imperial cities, sepulchres and domes,
Trophies and pillars? Where is Egypt's boast,
Those lofty pyramids, which high in air
Rear'd their aspiring heads, to distant times
Of Memphian's pride a living monument?—
Tell me where Athens rais'd her tow'rs? where Thebes
Open'd her hundred portals!—Tell me where
Stood sea-girt Albion? where imperial Rome,
Propt by seven hills, sat like a sceptr'd queen,
And aw'd the tributary world to peace?—
Show me the rampart which o'er many a hill,
Through many a valley, stretch'd its wide extent,
Rais'd by that mighty monarch to repel
The roving Tartar, when with insult rude
'Gainst Pekin's tow'rs he bent th' unerring bow.
But what is mimic art? E'en Nature's work,
Seas, meadows, pastures, the meand'ring streams,
And everlasting hills, shall be no more.
No more shall Teneriffe, cloud-piercing height!
O'erhang th' Atlantic surge; nor that fam'd cliff,
Through which the Persian steer'd with many a sail,

Throw to the Lemnian isle its evening shade
O'er half the wide Ægean.—Where are now
The Alps, that confin'd with unnumber'd realms,
And from the Black Sea to the ocean stream
Stretch'd their extended arms?—Where's Ararat,
That hill on which the faithful patriarch's ark,
Which seven long months had voyag'd o'er its top,
First rested, when the Earth, with all her sons,
As now by streaming cataracts of fire,
Was whelm'd by mighty waters?—All at once
Are vanish'd and dissolv'd; no trace remains,
No mark of vain distinction: heaven itself,
That azure vault, with all those radiant orbs,
Sinks in the universal ruin lost:
No more shall planets round their central Sun
Move in harmonious dance; no more the Moon
Hang out her silver lamp; and those fix'd stars,
Spangling the golden canopy of night,
Which oft the Tuscan with his optic glass
Call'd from their wond'rous height, to read their names
And magnitude, some winged minister
Shall quench; and (surest sign that all on Earth
Is lost) shall rend from heaven the mystic bow.
Such is that awful, that tremendous day,
Whose coming who shall tell? For as a thief
Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace
Through night's dark gloom—Perhaps as here I sit,
And rudely carol these incondite lays, [mouth
Soon shall the hand be check'd, and dumb the
That lisps the falt'ring strain.—O may it ne'er
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour;
But find me wrapt in meditations high,
Hymning my great Creator!——

——————— 'Pow'r Supreme!
O everlasting King! to thee I kneel,
To thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat
Melt, all ye elements! And thou, high heav'n,
Shrink like a shrivell'd scroll! But think, O Lord,
Think on the best, the noblest of thy works;
Think on thy own bright image! Think on Him
Who died to save us from thy righteous wrath;
And 'midst the wreck of worlds remember man!'

Dr. Glynn.

ON THE LAST DAY, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

From the Latin of J. Gerhard.

In that bless'd day, from every part, the just,
Rais'd from the liquid deep or mouldering dust,
The various products of Time's fruitful womb,
All of past ages, present and to come,
In full assembly shall at once resort,
And meet within high Heaven's capacious court.
There famous names, rever'd in days of old,
Our great forefathers there we shall behold,
From whom old stocks and ancestry began,
And worthily in long succession ran;
The reverend sires with pleasure shall we greet,
Attentive hear, while faithful they repeat
Full many a virtuous deed, and many a noble feat.
There all those tender ties, which here below,
Or kindred, or more sacred friendship know,
Firm, constant, and unchangeable shall grow.

Refin'd from passion, and the dregs of sense,
A better, truer, dearer love from thence,
Its everlasting being shall commence:
There, like their days, their joys shall ne'er be done,
No night shall rise, to shade Heaven's glorious sun,
But one eternal holiday go on.

Rowe.

ECSTASY.

THE fleeting joys, which all affords below,
Work the fond heart with unperforming show;
The wish that makes our happier life complete,
Nor grasps the wealth nor honours of the great;
Nor loosely sails on pleasure's easy stream,
Nor gathers wreaths from all the groves of Fame;
Weak man, whose charms to these alone confine,
Attend my prayer, and learn to make it thine.
From thy rich throne, where circling trains of light
Make day that's endless, infinitely bright;
Thence, heavenly Father, thence with mercy dart
One beam of brightness to my longing heart.
Dawn through the mind, drive Error's clouds away,
And still the rage in Passion's troubled sea;
That the poor banish'd soul, serene and free,
May rise from Earth, to visit Heaven and thee.
Come, Peace divine! shed gently from above;
Inspire my willing bosom, wond'rous Love;
Thy purpled pinions to my shoulders tye,
And point the passage where I want to fly.

But whither, whither now! what powerful fire
With this bless'd influence equals my desire?
I rise (or Love, the kind deluder, reigns
And acts in fancy such enchanted scenes);
Earth lessening flies, the parting skies retreat,
The fleecy clouds my waving feathers beat;
And now the sun and now the stars are gone.
Yet still methinks the spirit bears me on,
Where tracts of ether purer blue display,
And edge the golden realm of native day.
Oh strange enjoyment of a bliss unseen!
Oh ravishment! Oh, sacred rage within!
Tumultuous pleasure, rais'd on peace of mind,
Sincere, excessive, from the world refin'd!
I see the light that veils the throne on high,
A light unpierc'd by man's impurer eye;
I hear the words that issuing thence proclaim,
'Let God's attendants praise his awful name!'
Then heads unnumber'd bend before the shrine,
Mysterious seat of Majesty divine!
And hands unnumber'd strike the silver string,
And tongues unnumber'd Hallelujah sing.
See where the shining seraphims appear,
And sink their decent eyes with holy fear.
See flights of angels all their feathers raise,
And range the orbs, and as they range, they praise.
Behold the great apostles! sweetly met,
And high on pearls of azure ether set.
Behold the prophets, full of heavenly fire,
With wand'ring finger wake the trembling lyre;
And hear the martyrs' tune, and all around
The church triumphant makes the region sound.

With harps of gold, with boughs of ever-green,
With robes of white, the pious throngs are seen ;
Exalted anthems all their hours employ,
And all is music and excess of joy.
Charm'd with the sight, I long to bear a part ;
The pleasure flutters at my ravish'd heart.
Sweet saints and angels of the heavenly choir,
If love has warm'd you with celestial fire,
Assist my words, and, as they move along,
With Hallelujahs crown the burden'd song.
Father of all above, and all below,
O great, and far beyond expression so :
No bounds thy knowledge, none thy power confine,
For power and knowledge in their source are thine ;
Around thee Glory spreads her golden wing :
Sing, glittering angels, Hallelujah sing.
Son of the Father, first begotten Son,
Ere the short measuring line of time begun,
The world has seen thy works, and joy'd to see
The bright effulgence manifest in thee.
The world must own thee Love's unfathom'd spring ;
Sing, glittering angels, Hallelujah sing.
Proceeding Spirit, equally divine,
In whom the Godhead's full perfections shine,
With various graces, comforts unexpress'd,
With holy transports you refine the breast,
And Earth is lonely where your gifts you bring,
Sing glittering angels, Hallelujah sing.
But where's my rapture, where my wondrous heat,
What interruption makes my bliss retreat ?
This world's got in the thoughts of th' other's crost,
And the gay picture's in my fancy lost.

With what an eager zeal the conscious soul
Would claim its seat, and, soaring, pass the pole!
But our attempts these chains of Earth restrain,
Deride our toil and drag us down again.
So from the ground aspiring meteors go,
And rank'd with planets light the world below;
But their own bodies sink them in the sky,
When the warmth's gone, that taught them how to fly. *Parnell.*

END OF BOOK I.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

FROM THE

MOST EMINENT

BRITISH POETS;

BOOK THE FIRST:

DEVOTIONAL AND MORAL.

Drawn by Tho.s Cook.

Sudden he starts and hears or thinks he hears
The sound of something purring at his heels.
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ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

FROM THE

MOST EMINENT POETS.

BOOK II.

DEVOTIONAL AND MORAL. PART II.

HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy Sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks:
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,

And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd.
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with Thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:
Flings from the Sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on Earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join, and, ardent, raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to Heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.

His praise, ye brooks, attune ; ye trembling rills ;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound ;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him whose Sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him ;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous Moon.
Ye that keep watch in Heaven, as Earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls ; be hush'd the prostrate world :
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns ;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world aslcep,
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn ; in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base ;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to Heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every secret grove ;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll !—
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east ;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !
Should Fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles ; 'tis nought to me :
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full ;
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
Where Universal Love smiles not around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, with all their suns ;
From seeming evil still educing good,

And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable!
Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.
Thomson.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS, PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit ev'ry pious mind,
Come pour thy joys on human kind,
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promis'd Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.
Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty hand
Whose pow'r does Heaven and Earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown thy gift with eloquence!
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold 'em down.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect, and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
Immortal honour, endless fame:
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee. *Dryden.*

HYMN FROM PART OF THE XIXTH PSALM.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied Sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,

Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The Hand that made us is divine.' *Addison.*

HYMN ON PROVIDENCE.

When all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!—
But thou canst read it there.

Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence those comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodnsss I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise. *Addison.*

ANOTHER HYMN ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul! devoutly think
How with affrighted eyes
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt on every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord!
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer
My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee. *Addison.*

HYMN FOR PARDON.

When rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear?

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear?

But thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless wo prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And add my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died
To make that pardon sure. *Addison.*

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIII.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though, in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Addison.

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this—that thou art good,
And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than Hell to shun,
That more than Heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives;
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound;
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,
And impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's wo,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath:
O lead me, whereso'er I go,
Through this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise!
All nature's incense rise! *Pope.*

SONG OF THE THREE CHILDREN.

Ye works of God, on him alone,
In Earth his footstool, Heav'n his throne,
Be all your praise bestow'd;

Whose hand the beauteous fabric made,
Whose eye the finish'd work survey'd,
And saw that all was good.

Ye angels, that with loud acclaim
Admiring view'd the new-born frame,
And hail'd the Eternal King,
Again proclaim your Maker's praise,
Again your thankful voices raise,
And touch the tuneful string.

Praise him, ye blest ethereal plains,
Where, in full majesty, he deigns
To fix his awful throne:
Ye waters, that above him roll,
From orb to orb, from pole to pole,
O make his praises known!

Ye thrones, dominions, virtues, pow'rs,
Join ye your joyful songs with ours;
With us your voices raise!
From age to age extend the lay,
To Heaven's Eternal Monarch pay
Hymns of eternal praise.

Celestial orb! whose powerful ray
Opes the glad eyelids of the day,
Whose influence all things own;
Praise him, whose courts effulgent shine
With light as far excelling thine,
As thine the paler Moon.

Ye glitt'ring planets of the sky,
Whose lamps the absent Sun supply,
With him the song pursue;
And let himself submissive own,
He borrows from a brighter Sun
The light he lends to you.

Ye show'rs and dews, whose moisture shed
Calls into life the op'ning seed,
To him your praises yield,
Whose influence wakes the genial birth,
Drops fatness on the pregnant earth,
And crowns the laughing field.

Ye winds, that oft tempestuous sweep
The ruffled surface of the deep,
With us confess your God;
See through the heav'ns the King of kings,
Upborne on your expanded wings,
Come flying all abroad.

Ye floods of fire, where'er ye flow,
With just submission humbly bow
To his superior pow'r,
Who stops the tempest on its way,
Or bids the flaming deluge stray,
And gives its strength to roar.

Ye summer's heat, and winter's cold,
By turns in long succession roll'd,
The drooping world to cheer,
Praise him who gave the Sun and Moon
To lead the various seasons on,
And guide the circling year.

Ye frosts, that bind the wat'ry plain,
Ye silent show'rs of fleecy rain,
Pursue the heav'nly theme;
Praise him who sheds the driving snow,
Forbids the harden'd waves to flow,
And stops the rapid stream.

Ye days and nights, that swiftly borne
From morn to eve, from eve to morn,
Alternate glide away,
Praise him, whose never-varying light,
Absent, adds horror to the night,
But, present, gives the day.

Light, from whose rays all beauty springs;
Darkness, whose wide-expanded wings
Involve the dusky globe;
Praise him, who, when the heav'ns he spread,
Darkness his thick pavilion made,
And light his regal robe.

Praise him, ye lightnings, as ye fly
Wing'd with his vengeance through the sky,
And red with wrath divine;
Praise him, ye clouds that wand'ring stray,
Or, fix'd by him, in close array
Surround his awful shrine.

Exalt, O Earth! thy Heav'nly King,
Who bids the plants that form the spring
With annual verdure bloom;
Whose frequent drops of kindly rain
Prolific swell the rip'ning grain,
And bless thy fertile womb.

Ye mountains, that ambitious rise,
And heave your summits to the skies,
Revere his awful nod;
Think how you once affrighted fled,
When Jordan sought his fountain-head,
And own'd th' approaching God.

Ye trees, that fill the rural scene;
Ye flow'rs, that o'er th' enamell'd green
In native beauty reign;
O praise the Ruler of the skies,
Whose hand the genial sap supplies,
And clothes the smiling plain.

Ye secret springs, ye gentle rills,
That murm'ring rise among the hills,
Or fill the humble vale;
Praise him, at whose Almighty nod
The rugged rock dissolving flow'd,
And form'd a springing well.

Praise him, ye floods, and seas profound,
Whose waves the spacious earth surround,
And roll from shore to shore:
Aw'd by his voice, ye seas, subside;
Ye floods, within your channels glide,
And tremble and adore.

Ye whales, that stir the boiling deep,
Or in its dark recesses sleep,
Remote from human eye,
Praise him, by whom ye all are fed;
Praise him, without whose heavenly aid
Ye languish, faint, and die.

Ye birds, exalt our Maker's name;
Begin, and with th' important theme
Your artless lays improve;
Wake with your songs the rising day,
Let music sound on ev'ry spray,
And fill the vocal grove.

Praise him, ye beasts, that nightly roam
Amid the salutary gloom,
Th' expected prey to seize:
Ye slaves of the laborious plough,
Your stubborn necks submissive bow,
And bend your wearied knees.

Ye sons of men, his praise display,
Who stamp'd his image on your clay,
And gave it pow'r to move:
Ye that in Judah's confines dwell,
From age to age successive tell
The wonders of his love.

Let Levi's tribe the lay prolong,
Till angels listen to the song,
And bend attention down;
Let wonder seize the heavenly train,
Pleas'd while they hear a mortal strain
So sweet, so like their own.

And you your thankful voices join,
That oft at Salem's sacred shrine
Before his altars kneel;
Where thron'd in majesty he dwells,
And from the mystic cloud reveals
The dictates of his will.

Ye spirits of the just and good,
That, eager from the bless'd abode,
To heavenly mansions soar;
O let your songs his praise display,
Till heaven itself shall melt away,
And time shall be no more!

Praise him, ye meek and humble train,
Ye saints, whom his decrees ordain
The boundless bliss to share;
O praise him, till ye take your way
To regions of eternal day,
And reign for ever there!

Let us, who now impassive stand,
Aw'd by the tyrant's stern command,
Amid the fiery blaze;
While thus we triumph in the flame,
Rise, and our Maker's love proclaim,
In hymns of endless praise. *Merrick.*

PART OF THE NINETIETH PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend,
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling place!

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself
Arose at thy command;

That pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time,
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word: thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought;
Again thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought!'

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish, like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd;
But long ere night cut down it lies,
All wither'd and decay'd. *Burns.*

A PRAYER WRITTEN, AND LEFT, IN THE ROOM IN WHICH THE AUTHOR SLEPT FOR A NIGHT AT THE HOUSE OF A FRIEND.*

O THOU dread Power, who reign'st above!
I know thou wilt me hear:
When for this scene of peace and love
I make my prayer sincere.

* Dr. Laurie, then minister of the parish of Loudon.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long, be pleas'd to spare;
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O, bless her with a mother's joys,
And spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush;
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish.

The beauteous, seraph, sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou knows't the snares on every hand,
Guide thou their steps alway.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in Heav'n! *Burns.*

A PRAYER, UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

O THOU Great Being! what thou art
Surpasses me to know:
Yet sure I am, that known to thee
Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before thee stands,
All wretched and distrest;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey thy high behest.

Sure thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath:
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine. *Burns.*

A PRAYER IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As something, loudly, in my breast
Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do thou, All-Good! for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

When with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But, Thou art good, and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive. *Burns.*

SUNDAY HYMN, IN IMITATION OF DR. WATTS.

This is the day the Lord of life
Ascended to the skies;
My thoughts, pursue the lofty theme,
And to the Heavens arise.

Let no vain cares divert my mind
From the celestial road;
Nor all the honours of the Earth
Detain my soul from God.

Think of the splendours of that place,
The joys that are on high;
Nor meanly rest contented here,
With worlds beneath the sky.

Heav'n is the birth-place of the saints,
To Heav'n their souls ascend;
Th' Almighty owns his favourite race
As father and as friend.

Oh! may these lovely titles prove
My comfort and defence,
When the sick couch shall be my lot,
And death shall call me hence. *Cotton.*

THE NIGHT-PIECE.

Hark! the prophetic raven brings
My summons on his boding wings;
The birds of night my fate foretel,
The prescient death-watch sounds my knell.

A solemn darkness spreads the tomb,
But terrors haunt the midnight gloom;
Methinks a browner horror falls,
And silent spectres sweep the walls.

Tell me, my soul, oh tell me why
The faltering tongue, the broken sigh?
The manly cheeks bedew'd with tears,
Tell me, my soul, from whence these fears?

When conscious guilt arrests the mind,
Avenging furies stalk behind,
And sickly fancy intervenes,
To dress the visionary scenes.

Jesus! to thee I'll fly for aid,
Propitious Sun, dispel the shade;
All the pale family of fear
Would vanish were my Saviour here.

No more imagin'd spectres walk,
No more the doubtful echoes talk;
Soft zephyrs fan the neighbouring trees,
And meditation mounts the breeze.

How sweet these sacred hours of rest,
Fair portraits of the virtuous breast,
Where lawless lust, and passion rude,
And folly never dare intrude!

Be others' choice the sparkling bowl;
And mirth, the poison of the soul;
Or midnight dance, and public shows,
Parents of sickness, pains, and woes:

A nobler joy my thoughts design;
Instructive solitude be mine:
Be mine that silent calm repast,
A cheerful conscience to the last.

That tree which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root;
That friend which never fails the just,
When other friends desert their trust.

Come then, my soul, be this thy guest,
And leave to knaves and fools the rest.
With this thou ever shalt be gay,
And night shall brighten into day.

With this companion in the shade,
Surely thou couldst not be dismay'd;
But if thy Saviour here were found,
All Paradise would bloom around.

Had I a firm and lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith,
I could defy the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

Though tempests drive me from the shore,
And floods descend, and billows roar;
Though death appears in every form,
My little bark should brave the storm.

Then if my God requir'd the life
Of brother, parent, child, or wife;
Lord! I should bless the stern decree,
And give my dearest friend to thee.

Amidst the various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils;
And shall I murmur at my God,
When sovereign love directs the rod?

Peace, rebel-thoughts—I'll not complain.
My Father's smiles suspend my pain;
Smiles—that a thousand joys impart,
And pour the balm that heals the smart.

Though Heav'n afflicts, I'll not repine:
Each heartfelt comfort still is mine;
Comforts that shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.

Dear Jesus, smooth that rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day,
To milder skies, and brighter plains,
Where everlasting sunshine reigns. *Cotton.*

THE COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

'Few are thy days and full of wo,
O man of woman born!
Thy doom is written, Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return.

'Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing,
That lays thee with the dead.

'Alas! the little day of life
Is shorter than a span;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
To miserable man.

'Gay is thy morning; flattering Hope
Thy sprightly step attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends.

'Before its splendid hour the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night.

'Behold! sad emblem of thy state,
The flowers that paint the field;
Or trees, that crown the mountain's brow
And boughs and blossoms yield.

'When chill the blast of winter blows,
Away the summer flies;
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.

' Nipt by the year, the forest fades ;
And, shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind.

' The winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain ;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again :

' But man departs this earthly scene,
Ah ! never to return !
No second spring shall e'er revive
The ashes of the urn.

' Th' inexorable doors of Death
What hand can e'er unfold ?
Who from the cearments of the tomb
Can raise the human mould ?

' The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost can ne'er recal
From that abyss again.

' The days, the years, the ages, dark
Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeem'd
Back to the gates of light.

' So man departs the living scene,
To night's perpetual gloom ;
The voice of morning ne'er shall break
The slumbers of the tomb.

'Where are our fathers? Whither gone
The mighty men of old?
The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
In sacred books enroll'd?

'Gone to the resting-place of man,
The everlasting home,
Where ages past have gone before,
Where future ages come.'

Thus Nature pour'd the wail of wo,
And urg'd her earnest cry;
Her voice in agony extreme
Ascended to the sky.

Th' Almighty heard: then from his throne
In majesty he rose;
And from the Heaven, that open'd wide,
His voice in mercy flows.

'When mortal man resigns his breath,
And falls a clod of clay,
The soul immortal wings its flight,
To never-setting day.

'Prepar'd of old for wicked men
The bed of torment lies;
The just shall enter into bliss
Immortal in the skies.' *Logan.*

HUMAN FRAILTY.

Weak and irresolute is man ;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain ;
But Passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part ;
Virtue engages his assent,
But Pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise
Through all his art we view ;
And, while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But ours alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast ;
The breath of Heav'n must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost. *Cowper.*

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN: A DIRGE.

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

'Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?
Began the reverend sage;
'Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or, haply, press'd with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man.

'The Sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

'O man! while in thy early years
How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!

Alternate follies take the sway!
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

'Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn;
Then age and want, O ill-match'd pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

'A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap caress'd;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly bless'd.
But, oh! what crowds in ev'ry land
Are wretched and forlorn!
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

'Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame;
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame;
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

'See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;

And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

'If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

'Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human kind
Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompence
To comfort those that mourn!

'O death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn:
But, oh! a bless'd relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!' *Burns.*

A FUNERAL HYMN.

Ye midnight shades! o'er Nature spread
Dumb silence of the dreary hour;
In honour of th' approaching dead
Around your awful terrors pour.
Yes, pour around
On this pale ground,
Through all this deep surrounding gloom,
The sober thought,
The tear untaught,
Those meetest mourners at a tomb.

Lo! as the surplic'd train draw near
To this last mansion of mankind,
The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
In holy musings wrap the mind!
And while their beam,
With trembling stream,
Attending tapers faintly dart,
Each mouldering bone,
Each sculptur'd stone,
Strikes mute instruction to the heart.

Now let the sacred organ blow
With solemn pause and sounding slow;
Now let the voice due measure keep,
In strains that sigh and words that weep,
Till all the vocal current blended roll,
Not to depress but lift the soaring soul.

To lift it in the Maker's praise
Who first inform'd our frame with breath;
And, after some few stormy days,
Now gracious gives us o'er to Death.

No king of fears
In him appears
Who shuts the scene of human woes;
Beneath his shade
Securely laid
The dead alone find true repose.

Then while we mingle dust with dust,
To One supremely good and wise
Raise hallelujahs. God is just,
And man most happy when he dies.
His Winter past,
Fair Spring at last
Receives him on her flowery shore,
Where pleasure's rose
Immortal blows,
And sin and sorrow are no more. *Mallet.*

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying;
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper: angels say,
'Sister spirit, come away.'
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be Death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting? *Pope.*

SOLEMNITY OF THE DAY OF REST.

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glitt'ring in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers
That yester-morn bloom'd waving in the breeze;
Sounds the most faint attract the ear;—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, mid-way up the hill.
Calmness sits thron'd on yon unmoving cloud.
To him, who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale,
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven tun'd song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.
With dove-like wings, Peace o'er yon village broods:
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceas'd; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare

Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.
But chiefly Man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
On other days, the man of toil is doom'd
To eat his joyless bread, lonely; the ground
Both seat and board; screen'd from the winter's cold,
And summer's heat, by neighbouring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosom'd in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God,—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With cover'd face and upward earnest eye.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke;
While, wandering slowly up the river side,
He meditates on Him, whose power he marks
In each green tree, that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers, that bloom
Around its root; and while he thus surveys,
With elevated joy, each rural charm,
He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,
That Heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

Grahame.

ON THE CLERGY AND THE SABBATH.

Ye clergy, while your orbit is your place,
Lights of the world, and stars of human race;
But if, eccentric, ye forsake your sphere,
Prodigies ominous, and view'd with fear;
The comet's baneful influence is a dream;
Yours real and pernicious in th' extreme.
'What then!—are appetites and lust laid down
With the same ease that man puts on his gown?
Will av'rice and concupiscence give place,
Charm'd by the sounds—*your rev'rence* or *your grace*?
No. But his own engagement binds him fast;
Or, if he does not, brands him to the last,
What atheists call him—a designing knave,
A mere church juggler, hypocrite, and slave.
Oh, laugh or mourn with me the rueful jest,
A cassock'd huntsman, and a fiddling priest!
He from Italian songsters takes his cue;
Set Paul to music, he shall quote him too.
He takes the field, the master of the pack
Cries—'Well done, saint!' and claps him on the back.
Is this the path of sanctity? Is this
To stand a waymark in the road to bliss?
Himself a wand'rer from the narrow way,
His silly sheep what wonder if they stray?
Go, cast your orders at your bishop's feet,
Send your dishonour'd gown to Monmouth-street!
The sacred function in your hands is made—
Sad sacrilege! no function, but a trade!
Occiduus is a pastor of renown,
When he has pray'd and preach'd the sabbath down,

With wire and catgut he concludes the day,
Quav'ring and semiquav'ring care away.
The full concerto swells upon your ear;
All elbows shake. Look in, and you would swear
The Babylonian tyrant with a nod
Had summon'd them to serve a golden god.
So well that thought th' employment seems to suit,
Psalt'ry and sackbut, dulcimer and flute.
'O fie! 'tis evangelical and pure:
Observe each face, how sober and demure!
Ecstasy sets her stamp on ev'ry mien;
Chins fall'n, and not an eyeball to be seen.'
Still I insist, though music heretofore
Has charm'd me much, (not e'en Occiduus more)
Love, joy, and peace make harmony more meet
For sabbath ev'nings, and perhaps as sweet.
Will not the sickliest sheep of ev'ry flock
Resort to this example as a rock;
There stand and justify the foul abuse
Of sabbath hours with plausible excuse;
If apostolic gravity be free
To play the fool on Sundays, why not we?
If he the tinkling harpsichord regards
As inoffensive, what offence in cards?
Strike up the fiddles, let us all be gay,
Laymen have leave to dance, if parsons play.
Oh Italy!—Thy sabbaths will be soon
Our sabbaths, clos'd with mumm'ry and buffoon.
Preaching and pranks will share the motley scene,
Ours parcell'd out, as thine have ever been,
God's worship and the mountebank between.
What says the prophet? Let that day be blest
With holiness and consecrated rest.

Pastime and business both it should exclude,
And bar the door the moment they intrude:
Nobly distinguish'd above all the six
By deeds, in which the world must never mix.
Hear him again. He calls it a delight,
A day of luxury observ'd aright,
When the glad soul is made Heaven's welcome guest,
Sits banqueting, and God provides the feast.
But triflers are engag'd, and cannot come;
Their answer to the call is—*Not at home.*

Cowper.

THE PHARISEE.

Who judg'd the pharisee? What odious cause
Expos'd him to the vengeance of the laws?
Had he seduc'd a virgin, wrong'd a friend,
Or stabb'd a man to serve some private end?
Was blasphemy his sin? Or did he stray
From the strict duties of the sacred day?
No—the man's morals were exact; what then?
'Twas his ambition to be seen of men;
His virtues were his pride; and that one vice
Made all his virtues gewgaws of no price;
He wore them as fine trappings for a show,
A praying, synagogue-frequenting, beau.
The self-applauding bird, the peacock, see—
Mark what a sumptuous pharisee is he!
Meridian sun-beams tempt him to unfold
His radiant glories, azure green and gold:
He treads as if, some solemn music near,
His measur'd step were govern'd by his ear;
And seems to say—'Ye meaner fowl, give place;
I am all splendour, dignity, and grace!'

Not so the pheasant on his charms presumes,
Though he too has a glory in his plumes.
He, christian-like, retreats with modest mien
To the close copse, or far sequester'd green,
And shines without desiring to be seen.

Cowper.

THE SANCTIMONIOUS PRUDE.

Yon ancient prude, whose wither'd features show
She might be young some forty years ago,
Her elbows pinion'd, close upon her hips,
Her head erect, her fan upon her lips,
Her eyebrows arch'd, her eyes both gone astray
To watch yon am'rous couple in their play,
With bony and unkerchief'd neck defies
The rude inclemeney of wintry skies,
And sails with lappet-head and mincing airs
Duly at chink of bell to morning pray'rs.
To thrift and parsimony much inclin'd,
She yet allows herself that boy behind;
The shiv'ring urchin, bending as he goes,
With slipshod heels, and dewdrop at his nose;
His predecessor's coat advanc'd to wear,
Which future pages yet are doom'd to share,
Carries her Bible tuck'd beneath his arm,
And hides his hands to keep his fingers warm.
She, half an angel in her own account,
Doubts not hereafter with the saints to mount,
Though not a grace appears on strictest search,
But that she fasts, and *item*, goes to church.
Conscious of age she recollects her youth,
And tells, not always with an eye to truth,

Who spann'd her waist, and who, where'er he came,
Scrawl'd upon glass Miss Bridget's lovely name;
Who stole her slipper, fill'd it with tokay,
And drank the little bumper ev'ry day.
Of temper as envenom'd as an asp,
Censorious, and her ev'ry word a wasp:
In faithful mem'ry she records the crimes,
Or real, or fictitious, of the times;
Laughs at the reputations she has torn,
And holds them dangling at arms length in scorn.
Such are the fruits of sanctimonious pride,
Of malice fed while flesh is mortified:
Take, madam, the reward of all your pray'rs,
Where hermits and where bramins meet with theirs;
Your portion is with them.—Nay, never frown,
But, if you please, some fathoms lower down.

Cowper.

PORTRAIT OF A PIOUS MAN.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed,
A man on Earth devoted to the skies.
With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm:
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
A mingled mob; a wandering herd he sees,
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!

His full reverse in all! what higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?
The present all their care, the future his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to Fame; his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varnish Nature, his exalt.
Mankind's esteem they court, and he his own.
Theirs the wild chase of false felicities;
His the compos'd possession of the true.
Alike throughout is his consistent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gasps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of Fortune blows
The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.
He sees with other eyes than theirs: where they
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity.
What makes them only smile, makes him adore.
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees.
An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.
They things terrestrial worship as divine;
His hopes, immortal, blow them by as dust
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity;
No dignity they find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals, (which conceal
Man's real glory) proud of an eclipse:
Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in man as man.
Too dear he holds his interest to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade:

Their interest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on Heav'n,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe. [peace.
Nought but what wounds his virtue wounds his
A cover'd heart their character defends;
A cover'd heart denies him half his praise.
With nakedness his innocence agrees,
While their broad foliage testifies their fall.
Their no-joys end where his full feast begins;
His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss.
To triumph in existence his alone;
And his alone triumphantly to think
His true existence is not yet begun.
His glorious course was, yesterday, complete;
Death then was welcome; yet life still is sweet.

Young.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE LATTER PART OF THE SIXTH CHAPTER OF ST. MATTHEW.

When my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;
While all my warring passions are at strife,
Oh let me listen to the words of life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart:
Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempest bears;
What further shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shiv'ring limbs again.

Say, does not life its nourishment exceed,
And the fair body its investing weed?
Behold! and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them nor stores nor granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song;
Yet your kind heav'nly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.
To him they sing when spring renews the plain,
To him they cry in winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their music or their plaint in vain;
He hears the gay and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.
Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
You see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with them compare?
What king so shining, or what queen so fair?
If ceaseless thus the fowls of heav'n he feeds,
If o'er the field such lucid robes he spreads,
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say?
Is he unwise; or are ye less than they?

Thomson.

PARAPHRASE ON MATT. VII. 12.

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

Precept divine! to Earth in mercy given;
O sacred rule of action, worthy Heaven!

Whose pitying love ordain'd the bless'd command
To bind our nature in a firmer band ;
Enforce each human suff'rer's strong appeal,
And teach the selfish breast what others feel ;
Wert thou the guide of life, mankind might know
A soft exemption from the worst of wo ;
No more the powerful would the weak oppress,
But tyrants learn the luxury to bless ;
No more would Slavery bind a hopeless train
Of human victims in her galling chain :
Mercy the hard, the cruel heart would move
To soften mis'ry by the deeds of love ;
And Av'rice from his hoarded treasures give,
Unask'd, the liberal boon, that Want might live !
The impious tongue of Falsehood then would cease
To blast, with dark suggestions, Virtue's peace ;
No more would Spleen or Passion banish rest,
And plant a pang in fond Affection's breast ;
By one harsh word, one alter'd look, destroy
Her peace, and wither ev'ry op'ning joy ;
Scarce can her tongue the captious wrong explain,
The slight offence which gives so deep a pain !
Th' affected ease that slights her starting tear,
The words whose coldness kills, from lips so dear ;
The hand she loves, alone can point the dart,
Whose hidden sting could wound no other heart ;
These, of all pains the sharpest we endure,
The breast which now inflicts, would spring to cure.
No more deserted Genius then would fly
To breathe in solitude his hopeless sigh ;
No more would Fortune's partial smile debase
The spirit, rich in intellectual grace ;

Who views unmov'd, from scenes where pleasures bloom,
The flame of genius sunk in mis'ry's gloom,
The soul, heaven-form'd to soar, by want deprest,
Nor heeds the wrongs that pierce a kindred breast.
Thou, righteous Law, whose clear and useful light
Sheds on the mind a ray divinely bright,
Condensing in one rule whate'er the sage
Has proudly taught, in many a labour'd page—
Bid every heart thy hallow'd voice revere,
To Justice sacred and to Nature dear.

Miss Williams.

CHARITY: A PARAPHRASE ON 1 COR. CHAP. XIII.

Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue
Than ever man pronounc'd or angel sung;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach or science can define;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
In all the speeches of the babbling Earth;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
To weary tortures and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw
When Moses gave them miracles and law;
Yet, gracious Charity, indulgent guest,
Were not thy power exerted in my breast,
Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r,
That scorn of life would be but wild despair;
A cymbal's sound were better than my voice;
My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.
Charity! decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;

Knows with just reins, and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives,
And much she suffers, as she much believes.
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.
Each other gift which God on man bestows
Its proper bounds and due reflection knows,
To one fix'd purpose dedicates its pow'r,
And finishing its act, exists no more.
Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
Knowledge shall fail and prophecy shall cease;
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.
As through the artist's intervening glass
Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen than art can show;
So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above)
High as we may we lift our reason up,
By faith directed, and confirm'd by hope;
Yet are we able only to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight,
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.
But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd,
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy;
Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
Shalt still survive—
Shalt stand before the host of Heaven confess'd,
For ever blessing, and for ever bless'd. *Prior.*

THE TWENTY-FIFTH CHAPTER OF JOB PARAPHRASED.

Then will vain man complain and murmur still,
And stand on terms with his Creator's will?
Shall this high privilege to clay be given?
Shall dust arraign the providence of Heaven?
With reason's line the boundless distance scan?
Oppose Heaven's awful majesty to man?
To what a length his vast dimensions run!
How far beyond the journeys of the Sun!
He hung yon golden balls of light on high,
And launch'd the planets through the liquid sky:
To rolling worlds he mark'd the certain space,
Fix'd and sustain'd the elemental peace.

Unnumber'd as those worlds his armies move,
And the gay legions guard his realms above;
High o'er th' ethereal plains the myriads rise,
And pour their flaming ranks along the skies:
From their bright arms incessant splendour stream,
And the wide azure kindles with the gleam.

To this low world he bids the light repair,
Down through the gulfs of undulating air;

For man he taught the glorious sun to roll
From his bright barrier to his western goal.
How then shall man, thus insolently proud,
Plead with his Judge, and combat with his God?
How from his mortal mother can he come
Unstain'd from sin, untinctur'd from the womb?
The Lord, from his sublime empyreal throne,
As a dark globe regards the silver Moon;
Those stars, that grace the wide celestial plain,
Are but the humblest sweepings of his train;
Dim are the brightest splendours of the sky,
And the Sun darkens in Jehovah's eye.
But does not sin diffuse a fouler stain,
And thicker darkness cloud the soul of man?
Shall he the depths of endless wisdom know?
This short-liv'd sovereign of the world below?
His frail original confounds his boast,
Sprung from the ground, and quicken'd from the dust. *Pitt.*

THE SONG OF MOSES IN THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER OF EXODUS PARAPHRASED.

THEN to the Lord the vast triumphant throng
Of Israel's sons, with Moses, rais'd the song.
To God our grateful accents will we raise,
And ev'ry tongue shall celebrate his praise:
Behold display'd the wonders of his might!
Behold the Lord triumphant in the fight!
With what immortal fame and glory grac'd!
What trophies rais'd amid the wat'ry waste!
How did his power the steeds and riders sweep
Ingulf'd in heaps, and whelm'd beneath the deep!

Whom should we fear, while he, Heaven's awful
Unsheaths for Israel his avenging sword? [Lord,
His outstretch'd arm, and tutelary care,
Guarded and sav'd us in the last despair:
His mercy cas'd us from our circling pains,
Unbound our shackles, and unlock'd our chains.
To him, our God, our father's God, we'll rear
A sacred temple, and adore him there
With vows and incense, sacrifice and prayer.
The Lord commands in war: his matchless might
Hangs out and guides the balance of the fight:
By him the war the mighty leaders form,
And teach the hovering tumult where to storm.
His name, O Israel, Heaven's eternal Lord,
For ever honour'd, reverenc'd, and ador'd.
When to the fight, from Egypt's fruitful soil,
Pour'd forth in myriads all the sons of Nile;
The Lord o'erthrew the courser and the car,
Sunk Pharaoh's pride, and overwhelm'd his war.
Beneath th' encumber'd deeps his legions lay,
For many a league impurpling all the sea:
The chiefs, and steeds, and warriors whirl'd around,
Lay midst the roarings of the surges drown'd.
Who shall thy power, thou mighty God, withstand,
And check the force of thy victorious hand?
Thy hand, which, red with wrath, in terror rose,
To crush that day thy proud Egyptian foes.
Struck by that hand, their drooping squadrons fall,
Crowding in death: one fate o'erwhelms them all.
Soon as thy anger charg'd with vengeance came,
They sunk like stubble crackling in the flame.

At thy dread voice the summon'd billows crowd,
And a still silence lulls the wondering flood:
Roll'd up, the crystal ridges strike the skies,
Waves peep o'er waves, and seas o'er seas arise.
Around in heaps the listening surges stand,
Mute and observant of the high command.
Congeal'd with fear attends the wat'ry train,
Rous'd from the secret chambers of the main.

With savage joy the sons of Egypt oried,
(Vast were their hopes, and boundless was their pride)
Let us pursue those fugitives of Nile,
This servile nation, and divide the spoil;
And spread so wide the slaughter, till their blood
Dyes with a stronger red the blushing flood.
Oh! what a copious prey their hosts afford,
To glut and fatten the devouring sword!

As thus the yawning gulf the boasters pass'd,
At thy command rush'd forth the rapid blast,
Then, at the signal given, with dreadful sway,
In one huge head roll'd down the roaring sea;
And now the disentangled waves divide,
Unlock their folds, and thaw thy frozen tide.
The deeps, alarm'd, call terribly from far
The loud embattled surges to the war,
Till her proud sons astonish'd Egypt found
Cover'd with billows, and in tempests drown'd.

What god can emulate thy power divine,
Or who oppose his miracles to thine?
When joyful we adore thy glorious name,
Thy trembling foes confess their fear and shame;
The world attends thy absolute command,
And Nature waits the wonders of thine hand;
That hand, extended o'er the swelling sea,
The conscious billows reverence and obey.

O'er the devoted race the surges sweep,
And whelm the guilty nation in the deep.
That hand redeem'd us from our servile toil,
And each insulting tyrant of the Nile:
Our nation came beneath that mighty hand,
From Egypt's realms, to Canaan's sacred land.
Thou wert their guide, their Saviour, and their God,
To smooth the way, and clear their dreadful road.
The distant kingdoms shall thy wonders hear,
The fierce Philistines shall confess their fear;
Thy fame shall over Edom's princes spread,
And Moab's kings, the universal dread;
While the vast scenes of miracles impart
A thrilling horror to the bravest heart.
As through the world the gathering terror runs,
Canaan shall shrink, and tremble for his sons:
Till thou hast Jacob from his bondage brought,
At such a vast expense of wonders bought,
To Canaan's promis'd realms and bless'd abodes,
Led through the dark recesses of the floods.
Crown'd with their tribes shall proud Moriah rise,
And rear his summit nearer to the skies.
Through ages, Lord, shall stretch thy boundless power,
Thy throne shall stand when time shall be no more:
For Pharaoh's steeds and cars, and warlike train,
Leap'd in, and boldly rang'd the sandy plain:
While in the dreadful road, and desert way,
The shining crowds of gasping fishes lay;
Till, all around with liquid toils beset,
The Lord swept o'er their heads the wat'ry net,
He freed the ocean from his secret chain,
And on each hand discharg'd the thund'ring main.

The loosen'd billows burst from every side,
And whelm the war and warriors in the tide;
But on each hand the solid billows stood,
Like lofty mounds to check the raging flood;
Till the bless'd race to promis'd Canaan pass'd,
O'er the dry path, and trod the watery waste.

Pitt.

THE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINTH PSALM PARAPHRASED.

O DREAD Jehovah! thy all-piercing eyes
Explore the motions of this mortal frame,
This tenement of dust: thy stretching sight
Surveys the harmonious principles, that move
In beauteous rank and order, to inform
This cask, and animated mass of clay.
Nor are the prospects of thy wond'rous sight
To this terrestrial part of man confin'd;
But shoot into his soul, and there discern
The first materials of unfashion'd thought,
Yet dim and undigested, till the mind,
Big with the tender images, expands,
And, swelling, labours with th' ideal birth.
Where'er I move, thy cares pursue my feet
Attendant. When I drink the dews of sleep,
Stretch'd on my downy bed, and there enjoy
A sweet forgetfulness of all my toils,
Unseen, thy sov'reign presence guards my sleep,
Wafts all the terrors of my dreams away,
Sooths all my soul, and softens my repose.
Before conception can employ the tongue,
And mould the ductile images to sound;
Before imagination stands display'd,

Thine eye the future eloquence can read,
Yet unarray'd with speech. Thou, mighty Lord!
Hast moulded man from his congenial dust,
And spoke him into being; while the clay,
Beneath thy forming hand, leap'd forth, inspir'd,
And started into life: through every part,
At thy command, the wheels of motion play'd.
But such exalted knowledge leaves below,
And drops poor man from its superior sphere.
In vain, with reason's ballast, would he try
To stem th' unfathomable depth: his bark
O'ersets and founders in the vast abyss.
Then whither shall the rapid fancy run,
Though in its full career, to speed my flight
From thy unbounded presence? which, alone,
Fills all the regions and extended space
Beyond the bounds of nature! Whither, Lord!
Shall my unrein'd imagination rove,
To leave behind thy Spirit, and out-fly [spread,
Its influence, which, with brooding wings out-
Hatch'd unfledg'd Nature from the dark profound?
If mounted on my tow'ring thoughts I climb
Into the Heaven of Heavens, I there behold
The blaze of thy unclouded majesty!
In the pure empyrean thee I view,
High thron'd above all height, thy radiant shrine
Throng'd with the prostrate seraphs, who receive
Beatitude past utterance! If I plunge
Down to the gloom of Tartarus profound,
There too I find thee, in the lowest bounds
Of Erebus, and read thee in the scenes
Of complicated wrath: I see thee clad
In all the majesty of darkness there.
If, on the ruddy morning's purple wings

Upborne, with indefatigable course
I seek the glowing borders of the east,
Where the bright sun, emerging from the deeps,
With his first glories gilds the sparkling seas,
And trembles o'er the waves; ev'n there thy hand
Shall through the wat'ry desert guide my course,
And o'er the broken surges pave my way,
While on the dreadful whirls I hang secure,
And mock the warring ocean. If, with hopes
As fond as false, the darkness I expect
To hide, and wrap me in its mantling shade,
Vain were the thought; for thy unbounded ken
Darts through the thick'ning gloom, and pries through all
The palpable obscure. Before thy eyes
The vanquish'd night throws off her dusky shroud,
And kindles into day: the shade and light
To man still various, but the same to thee.
On thee is all the structure of my frame
Dependant. Lock'd within the silent womb
Sleeping I lay, and rip'ning to my birth;
Yet, Lord, thy out-streteh'd arm preserv'd me there,
Before I mov'd to entity, and trod
The verge of being. To thy hallow'd name
I'll pay due honours; for thy mighty hand
Built this corporeal fabric, when it laid
The ground-work of existence. Hence I read
The wonders of thy art. This frame I view
With terror and delight; and, wrapt in both,
I startle at myself. My bones, unform'd
As yet, nor hardening from the viscous parts,
But blended with th' unanimated mass,
Thy eye distinctly view'd; and, while I lay
Within the earth, imperfect, nor perceiv'd

The first faint dawn of life, with ease survey'd
The vital glimmerings of the active seeds,
Just kindling to existence, and beheld
My substance scarce material. In thy book
Was the fair model of this structure drawn,
Where every part, in just connexion join'd,
Compos'd and perfected th' harmonious piece,
Ere the dim speck of being learn'd to stretch
Its ductile form, or entity had known
To range and wanton in an ampler space.
How dear, how rooted in my inmost soul,
Are all thy counsels, and the various ways
Of thy eternal providence! the sum
So boundless and immense, it leaves behind
The low account of numbers; and outflies
All that imagination e'er conceived:
Less numerous are the sands that crowd the shores,
The barriers of the ocean. When I rise
From my soft bed, and softer joys of sleep,
I rise to thee. Yet lo! the impious slight
Thy mighty wonders. Shall the sons of vice
Elude the vengeance of thy wrathful hand,
And mock thy ling'ring thunder, which withholds
Its forky terrors from their guilty heads?
Thou great tremendous GOD!—Avaunt, and fly
All ye who thirst for blood!—for, swoln with pride,
Each haughty wretch blasphemes thy sacred name,
And bellows his approaches to affront
Thy glorious Majesty. Thy foes I hate
Worse than my own. O Lord! explore my soul!
See if a flaw or stain of sin infects
My guilty thoughts; then, lead me in the way
That guides my feet to thy own Heaven and thee.

Pitt.

A SUMMER EVENING'S MEDITATION.

'Tis past! the sultry tyrant of the south
Has spent his short-lived rage: more grateful hours
Move silent on: the skies no more repel
The dazzled sight; but, with mild maiden beams
Of temper'd light, invite the cherish'd eye
To wander o'er their sphere; where, hung aloft,
Dian's bright crescent, like a silver bow
New strung in Heaven, lifts high its beamy horns,
Impatient for the night, and seems to push
Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines,
Ev'n in the eye of day; with sweetest beam
Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood
Of soften'd radiance from her dewy locks.
The shadows spread apace; while meeken'd Eve,
Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires
Through the Hesperian gardens of the west,
And shuts the gates of day. 'Tis now the hour
When Contemplation, from her sunless haunts,
The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth
Of unpierc'd woods, where, wrapt in silent shade,
She mus'd away the gaudy hours of noon,
And fed on thoughts unripen'd by the Sun,
Moves forward; and with radiant finger points
To yon blue concave swell'd by breath divine,
Where, one by one, the living eyes of Heaven
Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of ether
One boundless blaze, ten thousand trembling fires
And dancing lustres, where th' unsteady eye,
Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfin'd
O'er all this field of glories: spacious field,
And worthy of the master: he whose hand,
With hieroglyphics elder than the Nile,

Inscrib'd the mystic tablet; hung on high
To public grace; and said, 'Adore, O man,
The finger of thy God!' From what pure wells
Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing urn,
Are all these lamps so fill'd? these friendly lamps,
For ever streaming o'er the azure deep
To point our path and light us to our home.
How soft they slide along their lucid spheres!
And, silent as the foot of time, fulfil
Their destin'd courses: Nature's self is hush'd,
And, but a scatter'd leaf which rustles through
The thick-wove foliage, not a sound is heard
To break the midnight air; though the rais'd ear,
Intensely list'ning, drinks in ev'ry breath.
How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise!
But are they silent all? or is there not
A tongue in ev'ry star that talks with man,
And woos him to be wise? nor woos in vain.
This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
At this still hour the self collected soul
Turns inward and beholds a stranger there
Of high descent, and more than mortal rank;
An embryo God; a spark of fire divine,
Which must burn on for ages, when the sun
(Fair transitory creature of a day)
Has clos'd his golden eye, and, wrapt in shades,
Forgets his wonted journey through the east.
Ye citadels of light, and seats of gods!
Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul,
Revolving periods past, may oft look back,
With recollected tenderness, on all
The various busy scenes she left below,
Its deep-laid projects and its strange events,

As on some fond and doating tale that sooth'd
Her infant hours.—O be it lawful now
To tread the hallow'd circle of your courts,
And with mute wonder and delighted awe
Approach your burning confines!——Seiz'd in thought,
On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail
From the green borders of the peopled Earth,
And the pale Moon, her duteous fair attendant!
From solitary Mars; from the vast orb
Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk
Dances in ether like the lightest leaf;
To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,
Where cheerless Saturn 'midst his wat'ry moons,
Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,
Sits like an exil'd monarch: fearless thence
I launch into the trackless deeps of space,
Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear,
Of elder beam; which ask no leave to shine
Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light
From the proud regent of our scanty day;
Sons of the morning, first-born of creation,
And only less than him who marks their track,
And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop,
Or is there aught beyond? What hand unseen
Impels me onward through the glowing orbs
Of habitable nature, far remote,
To the dead confines of eternal night,
To solitudes of vast unpeopled space,
The deserts of creation, wide and wild,
Where embryo systems and unkindled suns
Sleep in the womb of Chaos? Fancy droops,
And thought, astonish'd, stops her bold career.
But, oh thou mighty Mind! whose pow'rful word

Said, 'Thus let all things be,' and thus they were,
Where shall I seek thy presence? how unblam'd
Invoke thy dread perfection?——
Have the broad eyelids of the morn beheld thee?
Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion
Support thy throne! O look with pity down
On erring guilty man! not in thy names
Of terror clad; not with those thunders arm'd
That conscious Sinai felt, when fear appall'd
The scatter'd tribes! Thou hast a gentler voice
That whispers comfort to the swelling heart,
Abash'd, yet longing to behold her Maker.
But now my soul, unus'd to stretch her pow'rs
In flights so daring, drops her weary wing,
And seeks again the known accustom'd spot,
Dress'd up with sun, and shade, and lawns, and streams;
A mansion fair and spacious for its guest,
And full replete with wonders. Let me here,
Content and grateful, wait th' appointed time,
And ripen for the skies; the hour will come
When all these splendours bursting on my sight
Shall stand unveil'd, and to my ravish'd sense
Unlock the glories of the world unknown.

Mrs. Barbauld.

PIETY; OR, THE VISION.

'Twas when the night in silent sable fled,
When cheerful morning sprung with rising red,
When dreams and vapours leave to crowd the brain,
And best the vision draws its heavenly scene;

'Twas then, as slumbering on my couch I lay,
A sudden splendour seem'd to kindle day;
A breeze came breathing in a sweet perfume,
Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the room;
And in a void of blue, that clouds invest,
Appear'd a daughter of the realms of rest;
Her head a ring of golden glory wore,
Her honour'd hand the sacred volume bore;
Her raiment glittering seem'd a silver white,
And all her sweet companions, sons of light.
Straight as I gaz'd, my fear and wonder grew,
Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my view;
When lo! a cherub of the shining crowd
That sail'd as guardian in her azure cloud,
Fann'd the soft air, and downward seem'd to glide,
And to my lips a living coal applied.
Then while the warmth o'er all my pulses ran
Diffusing comfort, thus the maid began:
'Where glorious mansions are prepar'd above,
The seats of music, and the seats of love,
Thence I descend, and Piety my name,
To warm thy bosom with celestial flame,
To teach thee praises mix'd with humble pray'rs,
And tune thy soul to sing seraphic airs:
Be thou my bard.' A vial here she caught,
(An angel's hand the crystal vial brought)
And, as with awful sound the word was said,
She pour'd a sacred unction on my head;
Then thus proceeded:—'Be thy muse thy zeal;
Dare to be good, and all my joys reveal.
While other pencils flattering forms create,
And paint the gaudy plumes that deck the great;
While other pens exalt the vain delight,
Whose wasteful revel wakes the depth of night;

Or others softly sing in idle lines
How Damon courts, or Amaryllis shines;
More wisely thou select a theme divine,
Fame is their recompense, 'tis Heaven is thine!
'Despise the raptures of discorded fire,
Where wine, or passion, or applause inspire
Low restless life, and ravings born of earth,
Whose meaner subjects speak their humble birth;
Like working seas, that when loud winters blow,
Not made for rising, only rage below.
Mine is a warm and yet a lambent heat,
More lasting still, as more intensely great,
Produc'd where prayer, and praise, and pleasure breathe,
And ever mounting where it shot beneath.
Unpaint the love, that, hovering over beds,
From glittering pinions guilty pleasure sheds;
Restore the colour to the golden mines
With which behind the feather'd idol shines;
To flow'ring greens give back their native care,
The rose and lily, never his to wear;
To sweet Arabia send the balmy breath;
Strip their fair flesh, and call the phantom, Death;
His bow be sabled o'er, his shafts the same,
And fork and point them with eternal flame.
'But urge thy powers, thine utmost voice advanee,
Make the loud strings against thy fingers dance;
'Tis love that angels praise and men adore,
'Tis love divine, that asks it all, and more.
Fling back the gates of ever-blazing day,
Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way;
And all, in glory wrap, through paths untrod,
Pursue the great unseen descent of GOD:

Hail the meek Virgin, bid the child appear,
The child is GOD! and call him JESUS here.
He comes, but where to rest? A manger's nigh,
Make the great Being in a manger lie;
Fill the wide sky with angels on the wing,
Make thousands gaze, and make ten thousand sing;
Let men afflict him, men he came to save,
And still afflict him till he reach the grave;
Make him resign'd, his loads of sorrow meet;
And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet;
I'll bathe my tresses there, my prayers rehearse,
And glide in flames of love along thy verse.
'Ah! while I speak, I feel my bosom swell,
My raptures smother what I long to tell.
'Tis GOD! a present God! Through cleaving air
I see the throne, and see the JESUS there,
Plac'd on the right. He shows the wounds he bore,
(My fervours oft have won him thus before)
How pleas'd he looks! my words have reach'd his ear;
He bids the gates unbar, and calls me near.'
She ceas'd. The cloud on which she seem'd to tread,
Its curls unfolded, and around her spread;
Bright angels waft their wings to raise the cloud,
And sweep their ivory lutes, and sing aloud;
The scene moves off, while all its ambient sky
Is turn'd to wondrous music as they fly;
And soft the swelling sounds of music grow,
And faint their softness, till they fail below.
My downy sleep the warmth of Phœbus broke,
And, while my thoughts were setting, thus I spoke:

'Thou beauteous Vision! on my soul impress'd,
When most my reason would appear to rest,
'Twas sure with pencils dipt in various lights
Some curious Angel limn'd thy sacred sights;
From blazing suns his radiant gold he drew,
White moons the silver gave, and air the blue.
I'll mount the roving winds' expanded wing,
And seek the sacred hill, and light to sing;
('Tis known in Jewry well) I'll make my lays,
Obedient to thy summons, sound with praise.
'But still I fear, unwarm'd with holy flame,
I take for truth the flatteries of a dream;
And barely wish the wondrous gift I boast,
And faintly practise what deserves it most
'Indulgent LORD! whose gracious love displays
Joy in the light, and fills the dark with ease!
Be this, to bless my days, no dream of bliss;
Or be, to bless the nights, my dreams like this.'

Parnell.

THE HERO'S SCHOOL OF MORALITY.

THERON, amongst his travels, found
A broken statue on the ground;
And searching onward as he went
He trac'd a ruin'd monument.
Mould, moss, and shades, had overgrown
The sculpture of the crumbling stone;
Yet ere he pass'd, with much ado,
He guess'd, and spelt out Sei-pi-o.
'Enough,' he cried, 'I'll drudge no more
In turning the dull stoics o'er;
Let pedants waste their hours of ease,
To sweat all night at Socrates;

And feed their boys with notes and rules,
Those tedious recipes of schools,
To cure ambition: I can learn
With greater ease the great concern
Of mortals; how we may despise
All the gay things below the skies.
'Methinks a mould'ring pyramid
Says all that the old sages said;
For me these shatter'd tombs contain
More morals than the Vatican.
The dust of heroes cast abroad,
And kick'd, and trampled in the road,
The relics of a lofty mind,
That lately wars and crowns design'd,
Tost for a jest from wind to wind,
Bid me be humble; and forbear
Tall monuments of fame to rear,
They are but castles in the air.
The towering heights, and frightful falls,
The ruin'd heaps, and funerals,
Of smoking kingdoms and their kings,
Tell me a thousand mournful things
In melancholy silence.....
..... He
That living could not bear to see
An equal, now lies torn and dead;
Here his pale trunk, and there his head:
Great Pompey! while I meditate,
With solemn horror thy sad fate,
Thy carcass scatter'd on the shore
Without a name, instructs me more
Than my whole library before.
'Lie still, my Plutarch, then, and sleep;
And my good Seneca may keep

Your volumes clos'd for ever too;
I have no further use for you:
For when I feel my virtue fail,
And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
I'll take a turn among the tombs,
And see whereto all glory comes:
There the vile foot of every clown
Tramples the sons of honour down;
Beggars with awful ashes sport,
And tread the Cæsars in the dirt.' *Watts.*

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE WORLD, A PILGRIM, AND VIRTUE.

Pilgrim.

What darkness clouds my senses! Hath the day
Forgot his season, and the Sun his way?
Doth God withdraw his all-sustaining might,
And works no more with his fair creature, Light,
While Heav'n and Earth for such a loss complain,
And turn to rude unformed heaps again?
My paces with entangling briers are bound,
And all this forest in deep silence drown'd,
Here must my labour and my journey cease,
By which in vain I sought for rest and peace,
But now perceive that man's unquiet mind
In all his ways can only darkness find.
Here must I starve and die, unless some light
Point out the passage from this dismal night.

World.

Distressed pilgrim, let no causeless fear
Depress thy hopes, for thou hast comfort near,

Which thy heart with splendour shall inspire,
And guide thee to the period of desire.
Clear up thy brows, and raise thy fainting eyes,
See how my glitt'ring palace open lies
For weary passengers, whose desp'rate case
I pity, and provide a resting place.

Pilgrim.

O thou whose speeches sound, whose beauties shine,
Not like a creature, but some pow'r divine,
Teach me thy style, thy worth and state declare,
Whose glories in this desert hidden are.

World.

I am thine end, Felicity my name;
The best of wishes, pleasures, riches, fame,
Are humble vassals, which my throne attend,
And make you mortals happy when I send:
In my left hand delicious fruits I hold,
To feed them who with mirth and ease grow old:
Afraid to lose the fleeting days and nights,
They seize on time, and spend it in delights.
My right hand with triumphant crowns is stor'd,
Which all the kings of former times ador'd:
These gifts are thine: then enter where no strife,
No grief, no pain, shall interrupt thy life.

Virtue.

Stay, hasty wretch! here deadly serpents dwell'
And thy next step is on the brink of Hell:
Would'st thou, poor weary man, thy limbs repose?
Behold my house, where true contentment grows;

Not like the baits which this seducer gives,
Whose bliss a day, whose torment ever lives.

World.

Regard not these vain speeches, let them go:
This a poor worm is, my contemned foe,
Bold threadbare Virtue; who dare promise more
From empty bags, than I from all my store:
Whose counsels make men draw unquiet breath,
Expecting to be happy after death.

Virtue.

Canst thou now make, or hast thou ever made,
Thy servants happy in those things that fade?
Hear this my challenge: one example bring
Of such perfection; let him be the king
Of all the world, fearing no outward check,
And guiding others by his voice and beck:
Yet shall this man at ev'ry moment find
More gall than honey in his restless mind.
Now, monster, since my words have struck thee dumb,
Behold this garland, whence such virtues come,
Such glories shine, such piercing beams are thrown,
As make thee blind, and turn thee to a stone.
And thou, whose wand'ring feet were running down
Th' infernal steepness, look upon this crown:
Within these folds lie hidden no deceits,
No golden lures, on which perdition waits:
But when thine eyes the prickly thorns have past,
See in the circle boundless joys at last.

Pilgrim.

These things are now most clear, thee I embrace:
Immortal wreath! let worldlings count thee base:
Choice is thy matter, glorious is thy shape,
Fit crown for them who tempting dangers 'scape.
Sir John Beaumont.

DEFECTS OF CONVERSATION.

Obscenity.—Habit of swearing.—Disputation.—Positiveness.—Point of honour.—Narration.—Smokers.—Fops.—Ill health.—Bashfulness.—Fox-hunter.—Power of fashion.—Instance of happy conversation.

THOUGH nature weigh our talents, and dispense
To ev'ry man his modicum of sense;
And conversation, in its better part,
May be esteem'd a gift, and not an art;
Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
On culture, and the sowing of the soil.
Words learn'd by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse;
Not more distinct from harmony divine,
The constant creaking of a country sign.
As alphabets in ivory employ,
Hour after hour, the yet unletter'd boy,
Sorting and puzzling with a deal of glee
Those seeds of science called his A B C;
So language in the mouths of the adult,
Witness its insignificant result;

Too often proves an implement of play,
A toy to sport with, and pass time away.
Collect at ev'ning what the day brought forth,
Compress the sum into its solid worth,
And if it weigh th' importance of a fly,
The scales are false, or algebra a lie.
Sacred interpreter of human thought,
How few respect or use thee as they ought!
But all shall give account of ev'ry wrong,
Who dare dishonour or defile the tongue;
Who prostitute it in the cause of vice,
Or sell their glory at a market-price;
Who vote for hire, or point it with lampoon,
The dear-bought placeman, and the cheap buffoon.

Obscenity.

THERE is a prurience in the speech of some,
Wrath stays him, or else God would strike them dumb:
His wise forbearance has their end in view,
They fill their measure, and receive their due.
The heathen law-givers of ancient days,
Names almost worthy of a Christian's praise,
Would drive them forth from the resort of men,
And shut up ev'ry satyr in his den.
O come not ye near innocence and truth,
Ye worms, that eat into the bud of youth!
Infectious as impure, your blighting pow'r
Taints in its rudiments the promis'd flow'r;
Its odour perish'd and its charming hue,
Thenceforth 'tis hateful, for it smells of you.
Not ev'n the vigorous and headlong rage
Of adolescence, or a firmer age,

Affords a plea allowable or just;
For making speech the pamperer of lust:
But when the breath of age commits the fault,
'Tis nauseous as the vapour of a vault.
So wither'd stumps disgrace the sylvan scene,
No longer fruitful, and no longer green;
The sapless wood, divested of the bark,
Grows fungous, and takes fire at ev'ry spark.

Habit of Swearing.

Oaths terminate, as Paul observes, all strife—
Some men have surely then a peaceful life;
Whatever subjects occupy discourse,
The feats of Vestris, or the naval force,
Asseveration blust'ring in your face
Makes contradiction such a hopeless case:
In ev'ry tale they tell, or false or true,
Well known, or such as no man ever knew,
They fix attention, heedless of your pain,
With oaths like rivets forc'd into the brain;
And ev'n when sober truth prevails throughout,
They swear it, till affirmance breeds a doubt.
A Persian, humble servant of the Sun,
Who though devout, yet bigotry had none,
Hearing a lawyer, grave in his address,
With adjurations ev'ry word impress,
Suppos'd the man a bishop, or at least,
God's name so much upon his lips, a priest;
Bow'd at the close with all his graceful airs,
And begg'd an int'rest in his frequent pray'rs.
Go, quit the rank to which ye stood preferr'd,
Henceforth associate in one common herd;
Religion, virtue, reason, common sense,
Pronounce your human form a false pretence;

A mere disguise, in which a devil lurks,
Who yet betrays his secret by his works.

Disputation.

Ye pow'rs who rule the tongue, if such there are,
And make colloquial happiness your care,
Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,
A duel in the form of a debate.
The clash of arguments and jar of words,
Worse than the mortal brunt of rival swords,
Decide no question with their tedious length,
For opposition gives opinion strength,
Divert the champions prodigal of breath,
And put the peaceably-dispos'd to death.
O thwart me not, sir Soph, at ev'ry turn,
Nor carp at ev'ry flaw you may discern;
Though syllogisms hang not on my tongue,
I am not surely always in the wrong;
'Tis hard if all is false that I advance,
A fool must now and then be right by chance.
Not that all freedom of dissent I blame;
No—there I grant the privilege I claim.
A disputable point is no man's ground;
Rove where you please, 'tis common all around.
Discourse may want an animated—No,
To brush the surface, and to make it flow;
But still remember, if you mean to please,
To press your point with modesty and ease.
The mark, at which my juster aim I take,
Is contradiction for its own dear sake.
Set your opinion at whatever pitch,
Knots and impediments make something hitch;
Adopt his own, 'tis equally in vain,
Your thread of argument is snapp'd again;

The wrangler, rather than accord with you,
Will judge himself deceiv'd, and prove it too.
Vociferated logic kills me quite,
A noisy man is always in the right:
I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,
And, when I hope his blunders are all out,
Reply discreetly—To be sure—no doubt!
DUBIOUS is such a scrupulous good man—
Yes—you may catch him tripping, if you can.
He would not with a peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own;
With hesitation admirably slow,
He humbly hopes—presumes—it may be so.
His evidence, if he were call'd by law
To swear to some enormity he saw,
For want of prominence and just relief,
Would hang an honest man, and save a thief.
Through constant dread of giving truth offence,
He ties up all his hearers in suspense;
Knows what he knows, as if he knew it not;
What he remembers seems to have forgot;
His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befal,
Centring at last in having none at all.
Yet, though he tease and balk your list'ning ear,
He makes one useful point exceeding clear;
Howe'er ingenious on his darling theme
A sceptic in philosophy may seem,
Reduc'd to practice, his beloved rule
Would only prove him a consummate fool;
Useless in him alike both brain and speech,
Fate having plac'd all truth above his reach,
His ambiguities his total sum,
He might as well be blind, and deaf, and dumb.

Positiveness.

WHERE men of judgment creep and feel their way,
The positive pronounce without dismay;
Their want of light and intellect supplied
By sparks absurdity strikes out of pride.
Without the means of knowing right from wrong,
They always are decisive, clear, and strong;
Where others toil with philosophic force,
Their nimble nonsense takes a shorter course;
Flings at your head conviction in the lump,
And gains remote conclusions at a jump:
Their own defect, invisible to them,
Seen in another, they at once condemn;
And, though self-idoliz'd in ev'ry case,
Hate their own likeness in a brother's face.
The cause is plain, and not to be denied,
The proud are always most provok'd by pride;
Few competitions but engender spite,
And those the most, where neither has a right.

Point of Honour.

THE point of honour has been deem'd of use,
To teach good manners, and to curb abuse;
Admit it true, the consequence is clear,
Our polish'd manners are a mask we wear,
And, at the bottom barb'rous still and rude,
We are restrain'd indeed, but not subdu'd.
The very remedy, however sure,
Springs from the mischief it intends to cure;
And savage in its principle appears,
Tried, as it should be, by the fruit it bears.
'Tis hard indeed, if nothing will defend
Mankind from quarrels but their fatal end;

That now and then a hero must decease,
That the surviving world may live in peace.
Perhaps at last close scrutiny may show
The practice dastardly, and mean, and low;
That men engage in it compell'd by force,
And fear, not courage, is its proper source:
The fear of tyrant custom, and the fear
Lest fops should censure us, and fools should sneer.
At least to trample on our Maker's laws,
And hazard life for any or no cause,
To rush into a fix'd eternal state
Out of the very flames of rage and hate,
Or send another shiv'ring to the bar
With all the guilt of such unnat'ral war,
Whatever Use may urge, or Honour plead,
On Reason's verdict is a madman's deed.
Am I to set my life upon a throw,
Because a bear is rude and surly? No—
A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me; and no other can.
Were I empower'd to regulate the lists,
They should encounter with well-loaded fists;
A Trojan combat would be something new,
Let Dares beat Entellus black and blue;
Then each might show, to his admiring friends,
In honourable bumps his rich amends,
And carry, in contusions of his skull,
A satisfactory receipt in full.

Narration.

A story, in which native humour reigns,
Is often useful, always entertains:
A graver fact, enlisted on your side,
May furnish illustration, well applied;

But sedentary weavers of long tales
Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.
'Tis the most asinine employ on earth,
To hear them tell of parentage and birth,
And echo conversations dull and dry,
Embellish'd with—*He said*, and *So said I.*
At ev'ry interview their route the same,
The repetition makes attention lame:
We bustle up with unsuccessful speed,
And in the saddest part cry—*Droll indeed!*
The path of narrative with care pursue,
Still making probability your clew;
On all the vestiges of truth attend,
And let *them* guide you to a decent end.
Of all ambitions man may entertain,
The worst that can invade a sickly brain,
Is that which angles hourly for surprise,
And baits its hook with prodigies and lies.
Credulous infancy, or age as weak,
Are fittest auditors for such to seek,
Who to please others will themselves disgrace,
Yet please not, but affront you to your face.
A great retailer of this curious ware
Having unloaded and made many stare,
'Can this be true?'—an arch observer cries,
'Yes,' (rather mov'd) 'I saw it with these eyes;'
'Sir! I believe it on that ground alone;
I could not, had I seen it with my own.'
A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct;
The language plain, and incidents well link'd;
Tell not as new what ev'ry body knows,
And, new or old, still hasten to a close;
There, centring in a focus round and neat,
Let all your rays of information meet.

What neither yields us profit nor delight
Is like a nurse's lullaby at night;
Guy Earl of Warwick and fair Eleanore,
Or giant-killing Jack, would please me more.

Smokers.

The pipe, with solemn interposing puff,
Makes half a sentence at a time enough;
The dozing sages drop the drowsy strain,
Then pause, and puff—and speak, and pause again.
Such often, like the tube they so admire,
Important triflers! have more smoke than fire.
Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,
Unfriendly to society's chief joys,
Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
The sex, whose presence civilizes ours;
Thou art indeed the drug a gard'ner wants,
To poison vermin that infest his plants!
But are we so to wit and beauty blind,
As to despise the glory of our kind,
And show the softest minds and fairest forms
As little mercy, as he grubs and worms?
They dare not wait the riotous abuse
Thy thirst-creating steams at length produce,
When wine has giv'n indecent language birth,
And forc'd the floodgates of licentious mirth:
For seaborn Venus her attachment shows
Still to that element from which she rose,
And with a quiet, which no fumes disturb,
Sips meek infusions of a milder herb.
Th' emphatic speaker dearly loves t' oppose,
In contact inconvenient, nose to nose;
As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,
Touch'd with the magnet had attracted his.

His whisper'd theme, dilated and at large,
Proves after all a windgun's airy charge.
An extract of his diary—no more,
A tasteless journal of the day before.
He walk'd abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,
Call'd on a friend, drank tea, stepp'd home again,
Resum'd his purpose, had a world of talk
With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk.
I interrupt him with a sudden bow,
'Adieu, dear sir! lest you should lose it now.'

Fops.

I cannot talk with civet in the room,
A fine puss-gentleman that's all perfume;
The sight's enough—no need to smell a beau—
Who thrusts his nose into a rareeshow?
His odoriferous attempts to please
Perhaps might prosper with a swarm of bees;
But we that make no honey, though we sting,
Poets, are sometimes apt to maul the thing.
'Tis wrong to bring into a mix'd resort,
What makes some sick, and others *a-la-mort*.
An argument of cogence, we may say,
Why such a one should keep himself away.
A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see,
Quite as absurd, though not so light as he:
A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
An oracle within an empty cask,
The solemn fop; significant and budge;
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge;
He says but little, and that little said
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock it never is at home:

'Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage,
Some handsome present as your hopes presage :
'Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove
An absent friend's fidelity and love,
But when unpack'd your disappointment groans
To find it stuff'd with brickbats, earth, and stones.

Ill Health.

Some men employ their health, an ugly trick,
In making known how oft they have been sick,
And give us in recitals of disease
A doctor's trouble, but without the fees ;
Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,
How an emetic or cathartic sped ;
Nothing is slightly touch'd, much less forgot,
Nose, ears, and eyes, seem present on the spot.
Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
Victorious seem'd, and now the doctor's skill ;
And now—alas for unforeseen mishaps !
They put on a damp nightcap and relapse ; [bad ;
They thought they must have died, they were so
Their peevish hearers almost wish they had.

Fretfulness.

Some fretful tempers wince at ev'ry touch,
You always do too little or too much :
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,
Your elevated voice goes through the brain ;
You fall at once into a lower key,
That's worse—the drone-pipe of an humble-bee.
The southern sash admits too strong a light,
You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night.
He shakes with cold—you stir the fire and strive
To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.

Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;
With soal—that's just the sort he would not wish.
He takes what he at first profess'd to loath,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet still, o'erclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hope to please him vain on ev'ry plan,
Himself should work that wonder if he can—
Alas! his efforts double his distress;
He likes yours little, and his own still less.
Thus always teasing others, always teas'd,
His only pleasure is—to be displeas'd.

Bashfulness.

I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn and undeserv'd disdain,
And bear the marks upon a blushing face
Of needless shame, and self-impos'd disgrace.
Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.
We sometimes think we could a speech produce
Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose;
But being tried, it dies upon the lip,
Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip!
Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.
Few Frenchmen of this evil have complain'd;
It seems as if we Britons were ordain'd,
By way of wholesome curb upon our pride,
To fear each other, fearing none beside.
The cause perhaps inquiry may descry,
Self searching with an introverted eye,
Conceal'd within an unsuspected part,
The vainest corner of our own vain heart;

For ever aiming at the world's esteem,
Our self-importance ruins its own scheme;
In other eyes our talents rarely shown,
Become at length so splendid in our own,
We dare not risk them into public view,
Lest they miscarry of what seems their due.
True modesty is a discerning grace,
And only blushes in the proper place:
But counterfeit is blind, and skulks through fear,
Where 'tis a shame to be asham'd t' appear:
Humility the parent of the first,
The last by vanity produc'd and nurs'd.
The circle form'd, we sit in solemn state,
Like figures drawn upon a dial-plate;
Yes ma'am, and no ma'am, utter'd softly, show
Ev'ry five minutes how the minutes go;
Each individual, suff'ring a constraint,
Poetry may, but colours cannot paint,
As if in close committee on the sky,
Reports it hot or cold, or wet or dry;
And finds a changing clime a happy source
Of wise reflection, and well-tim'd discourse.
We next inquire, but softly and by stealth,
Like conservators of the public health,
Of epidemic throats, if such there are,
And coughs, and rheums, and phthisic, and catarrh.
That theme exhausted, a wide chasm ensues,
Fill'd up at last with interesting news,
Who danc'd with whom, and who are like to wed,
And who is hang'd, and who is brought to bed:
But fear to call a more important cause,
As if 'twere treason against English laws.
The visit paid, with ecstasy we come,
As from a seven years transportation, home,

And there resume an unembarrass'd brow,
Recov'ring what we lost we know not how,
The faculties, that seem'd reduc'd to nought,
Expression and the privilege of thought.

Fox-hunter.

The reeking, roaring hero of the chase,
I give him over as a desp'rate ease.
Physicians write in hopes to work a cure,
Never, if honest ones, when death is sure;
And though the fox he follows may be tam'd,
A mere fox-foll'wer never is reclaim'd.
Some farrier should prescribe his proper course,
Whose only fit companion is his horse,
Or if, deserving of a better doom,
The noble beast judge otherwise, his groom.
Yet ev'n the rogue that serves him, though he stand,
To take his honour's orders, cap in hand,
Prefers his fellow-grooms with much good sense,
Their skill a truth, his master's a pretence.
If neither horse nor groom affect the squire,
Where can at last his jockeyship retire?
O to the club, the scene of savage joys,
The school of coarse good fellowship and noise;
There, in the sweet society of those,
Whose friendship from his boyish years he chose,
Let him improve his talent if he can,
Till none but beasts acknowledge him a man.

Power of Fashion.

Man's heart had been impenetrably seal'd,
Like theirs that cleave the flood or graze the field,
Had not his Maker's all-bestowing hand
Giv'n him a soul, and bade him understand;

The reas'ning pow'r vouchsaf'd of course infer'd
The power to clothe that reason with his word;
For all is perfect, that God works on earth,
And he, that gives conception, aids his birth.
If this be plain, 'tis plainly understood,
What uses of his boon the giver would.
The Mind, despatch'd upon her busy toil,
Should range where Providence has bless'd the soil;
Visiting ev'ry flow'r with labour meet,
And gath'ring all her treasures sweet by sweet;
She should imbue the tongue with what she sips,
And shed the balmy blessing on the lips,
That good diffus'd may more abundant grow,
And speech may praise the Pow'r that bids it flow.
Will the sweet warbler of the live-long night,
That fills the list'ning lover with delight,
Forget his harmony, with rapture heard,
To learn the twitt'ring of a meaner bird?
Or make the parrot's mimicry his choice,
That odious libel on a human voice?
No—Nature, unsophisticate by man,
Starts not aside from her Creator's plan;
The melody that was at first design'd
To cheer the rude forefathers of mankind,
Is note for note deliver'd in our ears,
In the last scene of her six thousand years.
Yet Fashion, leader of a chatt'ring train,
Whom man for his own hurt permits to reign,
Who shifts and changes all things but his shape,
And would degrade her vot'ry to an ape,
The fruitful parent of abuse and wrong,
Holds a usurp'd dominion o'er his tongue:
There sits and prompts him with his own disgrace;
Prescribes the theme, the tone, and the grimace,

And, when accomplish'd in her wayward school,
Calls gentleman whom she has made a fool.
'Tis an unalterable fix'd decree,
That none could frame or ratify but she;
That Heav'n and Hell, and righteousness and sin,
Snares in his path, and foes that lurk within,
God and his attributes (a field of day
Where 'tis an angel's happiness to stray),
Fruits of his love and wonders of his might,
Be never nam'd in ears esteem'd polite;
That he who dares, when she forbids, be grave,
Shall stand proscrib'd, a madman or a knave,
A close designer not to be believ'd,
Or, if excus'd that charge, at least deceiv'd.
Oh folly worthy of the nurse's lap,
Give it the breast, or stop its mouth with pap!
Is it incredible, or can it seem
A dream to any, except those that dream,
That man should love his Maker, and *that* fire,
Warming his heart, should at his lips transpire?
Know then, and modestly let fall your eyes,
And veil your daring crest that braves the skies;
That air of insolence affronts your God,
You need his pardon, and provoke his rod:
Now, in a posture that becomes you more
Than that heroic strut assum'd before,
Know, your arrears with ev'ry hour accrue
For mercy shown, while wrath is justly due.
The time is short, and there are souls on earth,
Though future pain may serve for present mirth,
Acquainted with the woes, that fear or shame,
By Fashion taught, forbade them once to name;
And having felt the pangs you deem a jest,
Have prov'd them truths too big to be express'd.

Go seek on revelation's hallow'd ground,
Sure to succeed, the remedy they found;
Touch'd by that pow'r that you have dar'd to mock,
That makes seas stable, and dissolves the rock,
Your heart shall yield a life-renewing stream,
That fools, as you have done, shall call a dream.

Instance of happy Conversation.

It happen'd on a solemn eventide,
Soon after He that was our surety died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclin'd,
The scene of all those sorrows left behind,
Sought their own village, busied as they went
In musings worthy of the great event:
They spake of him they lov'd, of him whose life,
Though blameless, had incurr'd perpetual strife,
Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
The recollection, like a vein of ore,
The further trac'd, enrich'd them still the more;
They thought him, and they justly thought him, one
Sent to do more than he appear'd t' have done;
T' exalt a people, and to place them high
Above all else, and wonder'd he should die.
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger join'd them, courteous as a friend,
And ask'd them, with a kind engaging air,
What their affliction was, and begg'd a share.
Inform'd, he gather'd up the broken thread,
And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
Explain'd, illustrated, and search'd so well
The tender theme, on which they chose to dwell,
That reaching home, 'The night,' they said, 'is near,
We must not now be parted, sojourn here'—

The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
And, made so welcome at their simple feast,
He bless'd the bread, but vanish'd at the word,
And left them both exclaiming, 'Twas the Lord!
Did not our hearts feel all he deign'd to say,
Did they not burn within us by the way?'
Now theirs was converse, such as it behoves
Man to maintain, and such as God approves.

Cowper.

SPIRITUAL FREEDOM.

He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain,
That hellish foes, confed'rate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off,
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor perhaps, compar'd
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scen'ry all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His t' enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspir'd,
Can lift to Heav'n an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—'My Father made them all!'
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of int'rest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds, a world
So cloth'd with beauty for rebellious man?

Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find
In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
Of no mean city; plann'd or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in ev'ry state;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose ev'ry day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less:
For he has wings, that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine.
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. Th' oppressor holds
His body bound: but knows not what a range
His spirit takes unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.
Acquaint thyself with God, if thou would'st taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before:
Thine eye shall be instructed; and thine heart
Made pure shall relish, with divine delight
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
Brutes graze the mountain-top, with faces prone,
And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them; or, recumbent on its brow,

Ruminate heedless of the scene outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man views it, and admires; but rests content
With what he views. The landscape has his praise,
But not its Author. Unconcern'd who form'd
The Paradise he sees, he finds it such,
And, such well-pleas'd to find it, asks no more.
Not so the mind, that has been touch'd from Heav'n,
And in the school of sacred Wisdom taught,
To read his wonders, in whose thought the world,
Fair as it is, existed ere it was.
Not for its own sake merely, but for his
Much more, who fashion'd it, he gives it praise;
Praise that from earth resulting, as it ought,
To earth's acknowledg'd Sov'reign, finds at once
Its only just proprietor in Him.
The soul that sees him or receives sublim'd
New faculties, or learns at least t' employ
More worthily the pow'rs she own'd before,
Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then she overlook'd,
A ray of heav'nly light, gilding all forms
Terrestrial in the vast and the minute;
The unambiguous footsteps of the God,
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much conversant with Heav'n, she often holds
With those fair ministers of light to man,
That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
Sweet conference. Inquires what strains were they
With which Heav'n rang, when ev'ry star, in haste
To gratulate the new-created Earth,

Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy.—'Tell me, ye shining hosts,
That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,
If from your elevation, whence ye view
Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet
Have reach'd this nether world, ye spy a race
Favour'd as ours; transgressors from the womb,
And hasting to a grave, yet doom'd to rise,
And to possess a brighter Heav'n than yours?'
As one, who, long detain'd on foreign shores,
Pants to return, and when he sees afar
His country's weather-bleach'd and batter'd rocks,
From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
So I with animated hopes behold,
And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
Ordain'd to guide th' embodied spirit home
From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires,
That give assurance of their own success,
And that, infus'd from Heav'n, must thither tend.'
So reads he nature, whom the lamp of truth
Illuminates. *Cowper.*

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow, didst thou say!——
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.
Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow!
A sharper 'tis, who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,

And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises,
The currency of idiots. Injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor!—To-morrow!
It is a period no where to be found
In all the hoary registers of time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father; [less
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are! and as base-
As the fantastic visions of the evening.
But soft, my friend,—arrest the present moments;
For be assur'd, they all are arrant tell-tales;
And though their flight be silent, and their path
Trackless as the wing'd couriers of the air,
They post to Heav'n, and there record thy folly;
Because, though station'd on th' important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
And know, for that thou slumber'dst on the guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive: and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-wink'd Justice, who shall tell thy audit?
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio;
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain!——
Oh! let it not elude thy grasp, but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

Cotton.

ON CONSCIENCE.

O TREACHEROUS Conscience! while she seems to sleep
On rose and myrtle, lull'd with syren song;
While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong Appetite the slacken'd rein,
And give us up to License, unrecall'd,
Unmark'd;—see, from behind her secret stand,
The sly informer minutes every fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the gross act alone employs her pen;
She reconnoitres Fancy's airy band.
A watchful foe! the formidable spy
Listening, o'erhears the whispers of our camp,
Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
And steals our embryos of iniquity.
As all-rapacious usurers conceal
Their doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs,
Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
Us spendthrifts of inestimable time,
Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd;
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass
Writes our whole history, which Death shall read
In every pale delinquent's private ear,
And judgment publish; publish to more worlds
Than this, and endless age in groans resound.
Lorenzo! such that sleeper in thy breast;
Such is her slumber, and her vengeance such
For slighted counsel; such thy future peace;
And think'st thou still thou canst be wise too soon?

Young.

THOUGHTS ON TIME.

The bell strikes One. We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss!
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

O time! than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead to fools, and fools reputed wise.
What moment granted man without account?
What years are squander'd, wisdom's debt unpaid!
Our wealth in days all due to that discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door;
Insidious Death! should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the prisoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Fast binds, and vengeance claims the full arrear.

Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor:
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
And what its worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher aim'd, still nearer the great mark
Of men and angels, virtue more divine.

On all important time, through ev'ry age,
Though much, and warm, the wise have urg'd, the man
Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour.
'I've lost a day,'—the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown.
Of Rome? say, rather, lord of human race.
He spoke as if deputed by mankind.
So should all speak: so Reason speaks in all:
From the soft whispers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly,
For rescue from the blessings we possess?
Time, the supreme!—Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.
Who murders Time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not ador'd.
Ah! how unjust to Nature and himself
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure Nature for a span too short;
That span too short we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the lingering moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.

Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with old age.
Behold him when past by; what then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast, cry out on his career.

We waste, not use our time; we breathe, not live.
Time wasted is existence; us'd, is life:
And bare existence man, to live ordain'd,

Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why? since time was given for use, not waste,
Enjoin'd to fly, with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed, nor even wait for man.
Time's use was doom'd a pleasure, waste a pain,
That man might feel his error if unseen,
And feeling, fly to labour for his cure;
Not, blundering, split on idleness for ease.

We push Time from us, and we wish him back;
Life we think long, and short; death seek and shun.
Oh the dark days of vanity! while here
How tasteless! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still:
The spirit walks of every day deceas'd,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death nor life delight us. If time past,
And time possess'd, both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
Time us'd. The man who conseerates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death:
He walks with nature, and her paths are peace.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to Heav'n,
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men Experience call;
If Wisdom's friend her best, if not, worst foe.

All-sensual man, because untouch'd, unseen,
He looks on time as nothing. Nothing else
Is truly man's; 'tis Fortune's.—Time's a god.

Hast thou ne'er heard of Time's omnipotence!
For, or against, what wonders can he do!
And will: to stand blank neuter he disdains.
Not on those terms was Time (Heaven's stranger!) [sent
On this important embassy to man.
Lorenzo! no: on the long-destin'd hour,
From everlasting ages growing ripe,
That memorable hour of wondrous birth,
When the Dread Sire, on emanation bent,
And big with Nature, rising in his might,
Call'd forth creation (for then Time was born)
By Godhead streaming through a thousand worlds;
Not on those terms, from the great days of Heav'n,
From old Eternity's mysterious orb
Was Time cut off and cast beneath the skies;
The skies, which watch him in his new abode,
Measuring his motions by revolving spheres,
That horologe machinery divine. [play,
Hours, days, and months, and years, his children,
Like numerous wings, around him, as he flies;
Or rather, as unequal plumes, they shape
His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his ancient rest,
And join anew Eternity, his sire;
In his immutability to nest,
When worlds, that count his circles now, unhing'd,
(Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush
To timeless night and chaos, whence they rose.

But why on time so lavish is my song?
On this great theme kind Nature keeps a school
To teach her sons herself. Each night we die;
Each morn are born anew; each day a life!
And shall we kill each day? If trifling kills,

Sure vice must butcher. O what heaps of slain
Cry out for vengeance on us! Time destroy'd
Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt.

Throw years away?
Throw empires and be blameless: moments seize,
Heaven's on their wing: a moment we may wish,
When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid day stand still,
Bid him drive back his car and re-impart
The period past, re-give the given hour.
Lorenzo! more than miracles we want.
Lorenzo! O for yesterdays to come! *Young.*

DANGER OF PROCRASTINATION.

By Nature's law what may be, may be now;
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this *perhaps*,
This *peradventure*, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant we build
Our mountain hopes, spin out eternal schemes,
As we the Fatal Sisters could outspin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.
Not ev'n Philander had bespoke his shroud;
Nor had he cause; a warning was denied.
How many fall as sudden, not as safe?
As sudden, though for years admonish'd home.
Of human ills the last extreme beware;
Beware, Lorenzo! a slow-sudden death.

How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to-day;' 'tis madness to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, 'That all men are about to live,'
For ever on the brink of being born:
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel, and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least their own; their future selves applauds.
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodg'd in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That lodg'd in Fate's to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage. When young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.

Young.

MORAL REFLECTIONS ON COMPARING THE SEASONS OF DAY AND NIGHT.

By [stars] best lighted are the paths of thought,
Nights are their days, their most illumin'd hours.
By day the soul, o'erborne by life's career,
Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,
Reels far from reason, jostled by the throng.
By day the soul is passive, all her thoughts
Impos'd, precarious, broken, ere mature.
By night, from objects free, from passion cool,
Thoughts uncontroll'd, and unimpress'd, the births
Of pure election, arbitrary range,
Not to the limits of one world confin'd,
But from ethereal travels light on earth,
As voyagers drop anchor for repose.
Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond
Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore;
Darkness has more divinity for me;
It strikes thought inward; it drives back the soul
To settle on herself, our point supreme!
There lies our theatre; there sits our judge.
Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene;
'Tis the kind hand of Providence stretch'd out
'Twixt man and vanity; 'tis Reason's reign,
And Virtue's too: these tutelary shades
Are man's asylum from the tainted throng.
Night is the good man's friend, and guardian too;
It no less rescues virtue than inspires.
Virtue, for ever frail as fair below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the world without a stain.
The world's infectious: few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.

Something we thought is blotted; we resolv'd,
Is shaken; we renounc'd, returns again.
Each salutation may slide in a sin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it strange; light, motion, concourse, noise,
All scatter us abroad. Thought, outward-bound,
Neglectful of our home-affairs, flies off
In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.
Present example gets within our guard,
And acts with double force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition; love of gain
Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast:
Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapours breathe,
And inhumanity is caught from man,
From smiling man! A slight, a single glance,
And shot at random, often has brought home
A sudden fever to the throbbing heart
Of envy, rancour, or impure desire.
We see, we hear, with peril; Safety dwells
Remote from multitude. The world's a school
Of wrong, and what proficients swarm around!
We must or imitate or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices or foes:
That stains our innocence, this wounds our peace.
From Nature's birth, hence Wisdom has been smit
With sweet recess, and languish'd for the shade.
This sacred shade and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.
Few are the faults we flatter when alone;
Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night an atheist half believes a God.
Night is fair Virtue's immemorial friend.

The conscious Moon, through every distant age,
Has held a lamp to Wisdom, and let fall,
On Contemplation's eye, her purging ray.
The fam'd Athenian, he who woo'd from Heav'n
Philosophy the fair, to dwell with men,
And form their manners, not inflame their pride,
While o'er his head, as fearful to molest
His labouring mind, the stars in silence slide,
And seem all gazing on their future guest,
See him soliciting his ardent suit
In private audience: all the live-long night,
Rigid in thought, and motionless he stands,
Nor quits his theme or posture till the sun
(Rude drunkard! rising rosy from the main)
Disturbs his nobler intellectual beam,
And gives him to the tumult of the world.
Hail precious moments! stolen from the black waste
Of murder'd time! auspicious Midnight! hail!
The world excluded, every passion hush'd,
And open'd a calm intercourse with Heav'n,
Here the soul sits in council, ponders past,
Predestines future action; sees, not feels,
Tumultuous life, and reasons with the storm,
All her lies answers, and thinks down her charms.

Young.

INSTRUCTIVE COMPARISONS OF HUMAN LIFE.

Life glides away, Lorenzo! like a brook,
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice;
To the same life none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the same; the same we think
Our life, though still more rapid in its flow,

Nor mark the much irrevocably laps'd,
And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say
(Retaining still the brook to bear us on)
That life is like a vessel on the stream?
In life embark'd, we smoothly down the tide
Of time descend, but not on time intent;
Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding wave,
Till on a sudden we perceive a shock;
We start, awake, look out: what see we there?—
Our brittle bark is burst on Charon's shore.

Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
Death's capital, where most he domineers,
With all his chosen terrors frowning round,
(Though lately feasted high at Albion's cost),
Wide-opening, and loud-roaring still for more!
Too faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life!
The strong resemblance tempts me further still:
And, haply, Britain may be deeper struck
By moral truth, in such a mirror seen,
Which Nature holds for ever at her eye.
Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
When young, with sanguine cheer and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend:
All in some darling enterprise embark'd;
But where is he can fathom its event?
Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite! her lawful prize!
Some steer aright, but the black blast blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof,
Full against wind and tide, some win their way,

And when strong Effort has deserv'd the port,
And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!
Though strong their oar, still stronger is their fate:
They strike! and, while they triumph, they expire.
In stress of weather most, some sink outright;
O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a short memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulf'd;
It floats a moment, and is seen no more.
One Cæsar lives; a thousand are forgot.
How few, beneath auspicious planets born,
(Darlings of Providence! fond Fate's elect!)
With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,
With all their wishes freighted! yet ev'n these,
Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain;
Free from misfortune, not from Nature free,
They still are men; and when is man secure?
As fatal time as storm! the rush of years
Beats down their strength; their numberless escapes
In ruin end. And now their proud success
But plants new terrors on the victor's brow:
What pain to quit the world, just made their own,
Their nest so deeply down'd, and built so high!
Too low they build who build beneath the stars.

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule.
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and Death,
Strong Death, alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us, embryos of existence, free.
From real life, but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,

The future embyro, slumbering in his sire.
Embyros we must be till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts,
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh;
Prisoner of Earth and pent beneath the Moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by Heav'n
To fly at infinite, and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality
On Life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where Time, and Pain, and Chance, and Death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly. *Young.*

LESSONS TAUGHT BY THE DEATH OF FRIENDS.

When by the bed of languishment we sit,
(The seat of Wisdom! if our choice, not fate)
Or o'er our dying friends in anguish hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head,
Number their moments, and in every clock,

Start at the voice of an eternity ;
See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift
An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
Then sink again, and quiver into death,
That most pathetic herald of our own ;
How read we such sad scenes ? As sent to man
In perfect vengeance ? no ; in pity sent,
To melt him down, like wax, and then impress,
Indelibly, Death's image on his heart,
Bleeding for others, trembling for himself.

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardours, and abate
That glare of life which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death ; to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence Nature throws
Cross our obstructed way, and thus to make
Welcome, as safe, our port from every storm.
Each friend by Fate snatch'd from us is a plume
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us stoop from our aërial heights,
And, damp'd with omen of our own decease,
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Just skim earth's surface ere we break it up,
O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love ;
For us they languish, and for us they die :
And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain ?
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts ?
Shall we disdain their silent, soft, address,
Their posthumous advice, and pious pray'r ?

Senseless as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
Tread under foot their agonies and groans,
Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?

Lorenzo! read with me Narcissa's stone;
(Narcissa was thy favourite) let us read
Her moral stone; few doctors preach so well;
Few orators so tenderly can touch
The feeling heart. What pathos in the date!
Apt words can strike; and yet in them we see
Faint images of what we here enjoy.
What cause have we to build on length of life?
Temptations seize when fear is laid asleep,
And ill foreboding is our strongest guard.
See from her tomb, as from an humble shrine,
Truth, radiant goddess! sallies on my soul,
And puts Delusion's dusky train to flight;
Dispels the mist our sultry passions raise,
From objects low, terrestrial, and obscene,
And shows the real estimate of things,
Which no man, unafflicted, ever saw;
Pulls off the veil from Virtue's rising charms;
Detects temptation in a thousand lies.
Truth bids me look on men as autumn-leaves,
And all they bleed for as the summer's dust
Driv'n by the whirlwind; lighted by her beams,
I widen my horizon, gain new powers,
See things invisible, feel things remote,
Am present with futurities; think nought
To man so foreign as the joys possess'd,
Nought so much his as those beyond the grave.

Young.

KNOW THYSELF.

What am I? how produc'd? and for what end?
Whence drew I being? to what period tend?
Am I th' abandon'd orphan of blind chance,
Dropp'd by wild atoms in disorder'd dance?
Or from an endless chain of causes wrought,
And of unthinking substance, born with thought?
By motion which began without a cause,
Supremely wise, without design or laws?
Am I but what I seem, mere flesh and blood?
A branching channel, with a mazy flood?
The purple stream that through my vessels glides,
Dull and unconscious flows, like common tides;
The pipes through which the circling juices stray,
Are not that thinking I, no more than they:
This frame, compacted with transcendent skill
Of moving joints obedient to my will,
Nurs'd from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,
Waxes and wastes; I call it mine, not me.
New matter still the mould'ring mass sustains:
The mansion chang'd, the tenant still remains,
And from the fleeting stream repair'd by food,
Distinct, as is the swimmer from the flood.
What am I then? sure of a noble birth;
By parents' right, I own as mother, Earth;
But claim superior lineage by my sire,
Who warm'd th' unthinking clod with heavenly fire;
Essence divine, with lifeless clay allay'd,
By double nature, double instinct sway'd:
With look erect, I dart my longing eye,
Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native sky;
I strive to mount, but strive, alas! in vain,
Tied to this massy globe with magic chain.

Now with swift thought I range from pole to pole,
View worlds around their flaming centres roll:
What steady pow'rs their endless motions guide
Through the same trackless paths of boundless void!
I trace the blazing comet's fiery tail,
And weigh the whirling planets in a scale;
These godlike thoughts while eager I pursue,
Some glitt'ring trifle offer'd to my view,
A gnat, an insect of the meanest kind,
Erase the new-born image from my mind:
Some beastly want, craving, importunate,
Vile as the grinning mastiff at my gate,
Calls off from heavenly truth this reas'ning me,
And tells me I'm a brute as much as he.
If, on sublimer wings of love and praise,
My soul above the starry vault I raise,
Lur'd by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,
I flag, I drop, and flutter in the dust.
The tow'ring lark thus, from her lofty strain,
Stoops to an emmet, or a barley grain.
By adverse gusts of jarring instincts tost,
I rove to one, now to the other coast;
To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,
My lot unequal to my vast desires.
As 'mongst the hinds a child of royal birth
Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth;
So man, amongst his fellow brutes expos'd,
Sees he's a king, but 'tis a king depos'd.
Pity him, beasts! you by no law confin'd,
And barr'd from devious paths by being blind;
Whilst man, through op'ning views of various ways
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays;
Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste;

Bilk'd by past minutes, while the present cloy,
The flatt'ring future still must give the joy:
Not happy, but amus'd upon the road,
And (like you) thoughtless of his last abode,
Whether next sun his being shall restrain
To endless nothing, happiness or pain.
Around me, lo! the thinking thoughtless crew
(Bewilder'd each) their diff'rent paths pursue;
Of them I ask the way; the first replies,
Thou art a god; and sends me to the skies:
Down on the turf, the next, two-legged beast,
There fix thy lot, thy bliss and endless rest:
Between these wide extremes the length is such,
I find I know too little or too much.
'Almighty pow'r, by whose most wise command,
Helpless, forlorn, uncertain here I stand;
Take this faint glimm'ring of thyself away,
Or break into my soul with perfect day!'
This said, expanded lay the sacred text,
The balm, the light, the guide of souls perplex'd.
Thus the benighted traveller, that strays
Through doubtful paths, enjoys the morning rays:
The nightly mist, and thick descending dew,
Parting, unfolds the fields and vaulted blue.
'O Truth divine! enlighten'd by thy ray,
I grope and guess no more, but see my way;
Thou clear'dst the secret of my high descent,
And told'st me what those mystic tokens meant;
Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,
Too hard for worldly sages to explain.
Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' schemes,
Their systems false, delusive were their dreams;
Unskill'd my two-fold nature to divide,
One nurs'd my pleasure, and one nurs'd my pride

Those jarring truths which human art beguile,
Thy sacred page thus bids me reconcile.'
Offspring of God, no less thy pedigree,
What thou once wert, art now, and still may be,
Thy God alone can tell, alone decree;
Faultless thou dropp'dst from his unerring skill,
With the bare pow'r to sin, since free of will:
Yet charge not with thy guilt his bountcous love,
For who has pow'r to walk has pow'r to rove:
Who acts by force, impell'd can nought deserve;
And wisdom short of infinite may swerve.
Borne on thy new-imp'd wings, thou took'st thy flight,
Left thy Creator, and the realms of light;
Disdain'd his gentle precept to fulfil,
And thought to grow a god by doing ill:
Though by foul guilt thy heav'nly form defac'd,
In nature chang'd, from happy mansions chas'd,
Thou still retain'st some sparks of heav'nly fire,
Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire;
Angel enough to seek thy bliss again,
And brute enough to make thy search in vain.
The creatures now withdraw their kindly use,
Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce;
Repast ill-suited to such diff'rent guests,
For what thy sense desires, thy soul distastes:
Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy pride,
Curb'd or indulg'd, or balk'd or gratified,
Rage on, and make thee equally unbless'd
In what thou want'st, and what thou hast possess'd.
In vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod;
Return and seek thy Father and thy God;
Yet think not to regain thy native sky,
Borne on the wings of vain philosophy!

Mysterious passage! hid from human eyes,
Soaring you'll sink, and sinking you will rise:
Let humble thoughts your wary footsteps guide;
Repair by meekness what you lost by pride.

Arbuthnot.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES. IN IMITATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

Let observation with extensive view
Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wavering man, betray'd by venturous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with every wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows;
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.

But scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the general massacre of gold;
Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind:

For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let history tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madden'd land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord!
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy;
New fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quivering shade;
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one general cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth;
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest: [price,
Thou, who couldst laugh where want enchain'd ca-
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner died,
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;

Where change of favourites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause;
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive, truth and nature to decry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
To thee were solemn toys or empty show,
The robes of pleasure and the veils of wo:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at every glance on human kind;
How just that scorn, ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every state, and canvass every pray'r.

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On every stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning-worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From every room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright Palladium of the place,
And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in every line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foe's doom, or guard her favourite's zeal?

Through Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controlling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
Marks the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
At once is lost the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?

Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below?
What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings allied?
What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?
When first the college-rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Through all his veins the fever of renown
Spreads from the strong contagion of the gown;
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And Bacon's* mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the generous heat,
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty Doubt resistless day;
Should no false Kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor Praise relax, nor Difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no Disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:

* There is a tradition, that the study of Friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall, when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it.

Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters, to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
The glittering eminence exempt from woes;
See when the vulgar 'scape, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner minds, though smaller fines content,
The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent;
Mark'd out by dangerous parts he meets the shock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block;
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep:
But hear his death, ye blockheads! hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Romans shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This pow'r has praise that virtue scarce can warm,
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name,
And mortgag'd states their grandsires wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign; [vain;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in
'Think nothing gain'd,' he cries, 'till nought re-
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly, [main;
And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
He comes, not want and cold his course delay;
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.

In gay hostility, and barbarous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant Flattery counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more;
Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe:
Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
Th' encumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.
The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r;
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise:
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
And all the sons of ravage, crowd the war;
The baffled prince in honour's flattering bloom
Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.
'Enlarge my life with multitude of days,'
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;

Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted wo.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bountcous Seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r,
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders, that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'r attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend,
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still-returning tale, and lingering jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
Improve his heady rage with treacherous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.
Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguish'd Avarice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime
Blest with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers;
The general favourite, as the general friend:
Such age there is, and who could wish its end?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minute's flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from withering life away;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end;
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise?
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes!
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,

Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night,
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart, [save,
What care, what rules your heedless charms shall
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
Against your fame with Fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slippery reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless Freedom, and the private Friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd;
By Interest, Prudence; and by Flattery, Pride.
Now Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries attempt the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer cease! petitions yet remain,
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice.
Safe in His pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r,
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,

Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
These goods He grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

Johnson.

THE TRIALS OF VIRTUE.

Plac'd on the verge of youth, my mind
Life's op'ning scene survey'd:
I view'd its ills of various kind,
Afflicted and afraid.

But chief my fear the dangers mov'd,
That Virtue's path enclose:
My heart the wise pursuit approv'd;
But, oh, what toils oppose!

For see! ah see! while yet her ways
With doubtful step I tread,
A hostile world its terrors raise,
Its snares delusive spread.

O how shall I with heart prepar'd
Those terrors learn to meet?
How from the thousand snares to guard
My unexperienc'd feet?

As thus I mus'd, oppressive sleep
Soft o'er my temples drew
Oblivion's veil.—The watery deep,
An object strange and new,

Before me rose: on the wide shore
Observant as I stood,
The gathering storms around me roar,
And heave the boiling flood.

Near and more near the billows rise;
E'en now my steps they lave!
And death to my affrighted eyes
Approach'd in every wave.

What hope, or whither to retreat!
Each nerve at once unstrung;
Chill fear had fetter'd fast my feet,
And chain'd my speechless tongue.

I feel my heart within me die;
When sudden to mine ear
A voice, descending from on high,
Reprov'd my erring fear:

'What though the swelling surge thou see
Impatient to devour;
Rest, mortal, rest on God's decree,
And thankful own his pow'r.

'Know, when he bade the deep appear,
"Thus far," th' Almighty said,
"Thus far, nor further, rage; and here
Let thy proud waves be stay'd."'

I heard; and lo! at once control'd,
The waves, in wild retreat,
Back on themselves reluctant roll'd,
And murmuring left my feet.

Deeps to assembling deeps in vain,
Once more the signal gave:
The shores the rushing weight sustain,
And check th' usurping wave.

Convinc'd, in Nature's volume wise,
The imag'd truth I read;
And sudden from my waking eyes
Th' instructive vision fled.

Then why thus heavy, O my soul!
Say why, distrustful still,
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O'er scenes of future ill?

Let faith suppress each rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude;
Thy Maker's will has plac'd thee here,
A Maker wise and good!

He to thy ev'ry trial knows
Its just restraint to give;
Attentive to behold thy woes,
And faithful to relieve.

Then why thus heavy, O my soul!
Say why, distrustful still,
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O'er scenes of future ill?

Though griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
Still in thy God confide,
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
And curbs the headlong tide. *Merrick.*

COUNSELS OF REASON AND RELIGION.

Is life, alas! our favourite theme!
'Tis all a vain, or painful dream.
A dream which fools or cowards prize,
But slighted by the brave or wise.
Who lives, for others' ills must groan,
Or bleed for sorrows of his own;
Must journey on with weeping eye,
Then pant, sink, agonize, and die.
And shall a man arraign the skies,
Because man lives, and mourns, and dies?
'Impatient reptile!' Reason cried;
'Arraign thy passion and thy pride:
Retire, and commune with thy heart,
Ask, whence thou cam'st, and what thou art?
Explore thy body and thy mind,
Thy station too, why here assign'd?
The search shall teach thee life to prize,
And make thee grateful, good, and wise.
Why do you roam to foreign climes,
To study nations, modes, and times?
A science often dearly bought,
And often what avails you nought?
Go, man, and act a wiser part,
Study the science of your heart.
This home philosophy, you know,
Was priz'd some thousand years ago.

* *Know Thyself*—a celebrated saying of Chilo, one of the seven wise men of Greece.

Then why abroad a frequent guest?
Why such a stranger to your breast?
Why turn so many volumes o'er,
Till Dodsley can supply no more?
Not all the volumes on thy shelf,
Are worth that single volume, Self.
For who this sacred book declines,
Howe'er in other arts he shines;
Though smit with Pindar's noble rage,
Or vers'd in Tully's manly page;
Though deeply read in Plato's school;
With all his knowledge is a fool.
'Proclaim the truth—say, what is man?
His body from the dust began;
And when a few short years are o'er,
The crumbling fabric is no more.
'But whence the soul? From Heav'n it came!
Oh! prize this intellectual flame.
This nobler Self with rapture scan,
'Tis mind alone which makes the man.
Trust me, there's not a joy on earth,
But from the soul derives its birth.
Ask the young rake (he'll answer right)
Who treats by day, and drinks by night,
What makes his entertainments shine,
What gives the relish to his wine;
He'll tell thee, (if he scorns the beast)
That social pleasures form the feast.
The charms of beauty too shall cloy,
Unless the soul exalts the joy.
The mind must animate the face,
Or cold and tasteless every grace.
'What! must the soul her pow'rs dispense
To raise and swell the joys of sense?—

Know too, the joys of sense control,
And clog the motions of the soul;
Forbid her pinions to aspire,
Damp and impair her native fire:
And sure as Sense (that tyrant!) reigns,
She holds the empress, Soul, in chains.
Inglorious bondage to the mind,
Heav'n-born, sublime, and unconfin'd!
She's independent, fair, and great,
And justly claims a large estate;
She asks no borrow'd aids to shine,
She boasts within a golden mine;
But, like the treasures of Peru,
Her wealth lies deep, and far from view.
Say, shall the man who knows her worth,
Debase her dignity and birth;
Or e'er repine at Heaven's decree,
Who kindly gave her leave to be;
Call'd her from nothing into day,
And built her tenement of clay?
Hear and accept me for your guide,
(Reason shall ne'er desert your side.)
Who listens to my wiser voice,
Can't but applaud his Maker's choice;
Pleas'd with that First and Sovereign Cause,
Pleas'd with unerring Wisdom's laws;
Secure, since Sovereign Goodness reigns,
Secure, since Sovereign Pow'r obtains.
'With curious eyes review thy frame,
This science shall direct thy claim.
Dost thou indulge a double view,
A long, long life, and happy too?
Perhaps a farther boon you crave—
To lie down easy in the grave?

Know then my dictates must prevail,
Or surely each fond wish shall fail.—
'Come then, is Happiness thy aim?
Let mental joys be all thy game.
Repeat the search, and mend your pace,
The capture shall reward the chase.
Let every minute, as it springs,
Convey fresh knowledge on its wings;
Let every minute, as it flies,
Record thee good as well as wise.
While such pursuits your thoughts engage,
In a few years you'll live an age.
Who measures life by rolling years?
Fools measure by revolving spheres.
Go thou, and fetch th' unerring rule
From Virtue's, and from Wisdom's school.
Who well improves life's shortest day,
Will scarce regret its setting ray;
Contented with his share of light,
Nor fear nor wish th' approach of night.
And when Disease assaults the heart,
When Sickness triumphs over Art,
Reflections on a life well past
Shall prove a cordial to the last;
This med'cine shall the soul sustain,
And soften or suspend her pain;
Shall break Death's fell tyrannic pow'r,
And calm the troubled dying hour.'
Blest rules of cool prudential age!
I listen'd, and rever'd the sage.
When lo! a form divinely bright
Descends and bursts upon my sight,
A seraph of illustrious birth!
(Religion was her name on earth)

Supremely sweet her radiant face,
And blooming with celestial grace!
Three shining cherubs form'd her train,
Wav'd their light wings, and reach'd the plain;
Faith, with sublime and piercing eye,
And pinions fluttering for the sky:
Here Hope, that smiling angel, stands,
And golden anchors grace her hands;
There Charity, in robes of white,
Fairest and favourite maid of light!
The seraph spake—'Tis Reason's part,
To govern, and to guard the heart;
To lull the wayward soul to rest,
When hopes and fears distract the breast.
Reason may calm this doubtful strife,
And steer thy bark through various life:
But when the storms of death are nigh,
And midnight darkness veils the sky,
Shall Reason then direct thy sail,
Disperse the clouds, or sink the gale?
Stranger, this skill alone is mine,
Skill! that transcends his scanty line.
'That hoary sage has counsel'd right—
Be wise, nor scorn his friendly light.
Revere thyself—thou'rt near allied
To angels on thy better side.
How various e'er their ranks or kinds,
Angels are but unbodied minds;
When the partition-walls decay,
Men emerge angels from their clay.
'Yes, when the frailer body dies,
The soul asserts her kindred skies.
But minds, though sprung from heavenly race,
Must first be tutor'd for the place.

(The joys above are understood,
And relish'd only by the good)
Who shall assume this guardian care?
Who shall secure their birthright there?
Souls are my charge—to me 'tis giv'n,
To train them for their native Heav'n.
'Know then—Who bow the early knee,
And give the willing heart to me;
Who wisely, when Temptation waits,
Elude her frauds and spurn her baits;
Who dare to own my injur'd cause,
(Though fools deride my sacred laws,)
Or scorn to deviate to the wrong,
Though Persecution lifts her thong,
Though all the sons of Hell conspire
To raise the stake and light the fire;
Know, that for such superior souls,
There lies a bliss beyond the poles;
Where spirits shine with purer ray,
And brighten to meridian day;
Where Love, where boundless Friendship rules,
(No friends that change, no love that cools!)
Where rising floods of knowledge roll,
And pour and pour upon the soul!'
"But where's the passage to the skies?
'The road through Death's black valley lies.
Nay, do not shudder at my tale—
Though dark the shades, yet safe the vale.
This path the best of men have trod;
And who'd decline the road to God?
Oh! 'tis a glorious boon to die!
This favour can't be priz'd too high.'
While thus she spake, my looks express'd
The raptures kindling in my breast:

My soul a fix'd attention gave;
When the stern monarch of the grave
With haughty strides approach'd—Amaz'd
I stood, and trembled as I gaz'd.
The seraph calm'd each anxious fear,
And kindly wip'd the falling tear;
Then hasten'd with expanded wing
To meet the pale terrific king.
But now what milder scenes arise!
The tyrant drops his hostile guise.
He seems a youth divinely fair,
In graceful ringlets waves his hair.
His wings their whitening plumes display,
His burnish'd plumes reflect the day.
Light flows his shining azure vest,
And all the angel stands confest.
I view'd the change with sweet surprise,
And oh! I panted for the skies;
Thank'd Heav'n, that e'er I drew my breath,
And triumph'd in the thoughts of Death!

Cotton.

THE HERMIT.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd Heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;

That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So when a smooth expanse receives impress'd
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, 'Father, hail!' he cried:
And, 'Hail! my Son,' the reverend sire replied;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the Sun ; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray ;
Nature in silence bid the world repose :
When near the road a stately palace rose : [pass,
There by the moon through ranks of trees they
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive : the liveried servants wait :
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play :
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call :
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall :
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go ;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of wo :
His cup was vanish'd : for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.
As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear :
So seem'd the sire ; when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.

He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.
While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warm'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recals:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meager wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark the pondering hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;

'And why should such' (within himself he cried)
'Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?'—
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In every setting feature of his face;
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and, not for praise but virtue, kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet;
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:
'Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To Him who gives us all, I yield a part;

From him you come, from him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.'
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose:
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done!
Not Hell, though Hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find: the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open'd bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
Wild, sparkling rage, inflames the father's eyes;
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
'Detested wretch!'—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;

Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display:
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.
Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke:)
'Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life, to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel——thy fellow-servant I.
'Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
'The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
'What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

'The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

'The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

'Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all, but thee, in fits he seem'd to go;
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

'But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back;
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!

'Thus Heaven instructs thy mind; this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.'

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.

Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.
The bending hermit here a prayer begun.
'Lord! as in Heaven, on earth thy will be done!'
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace. *Parnell.*

END OF VOL. I.